

# SALONS

OF

1903



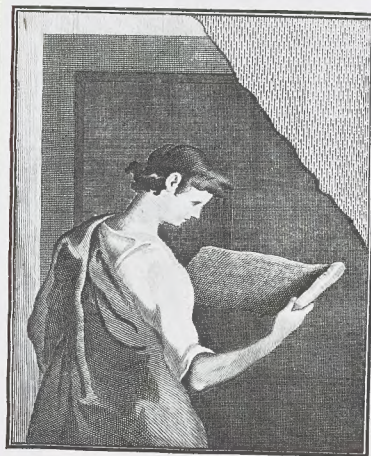
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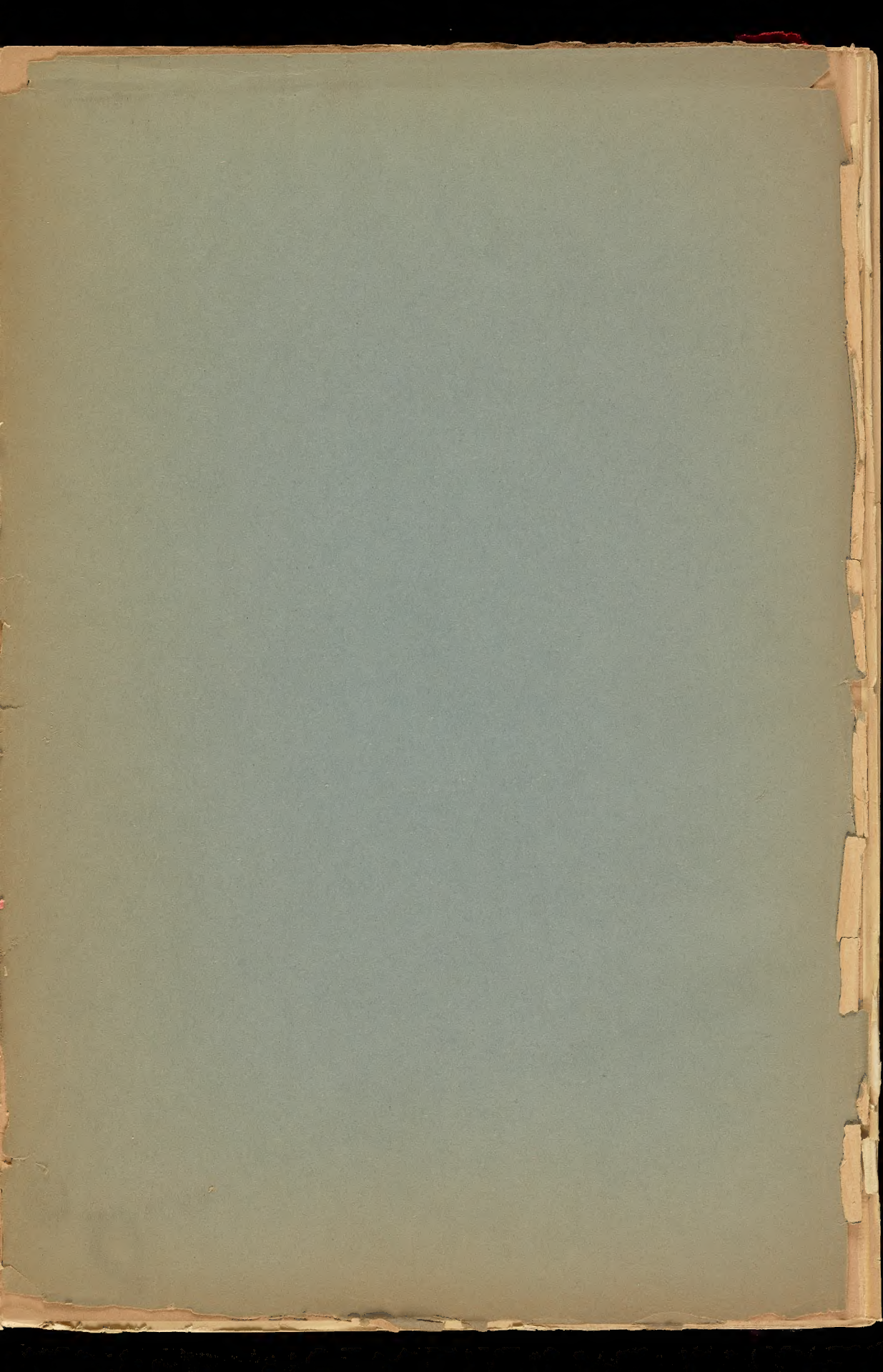
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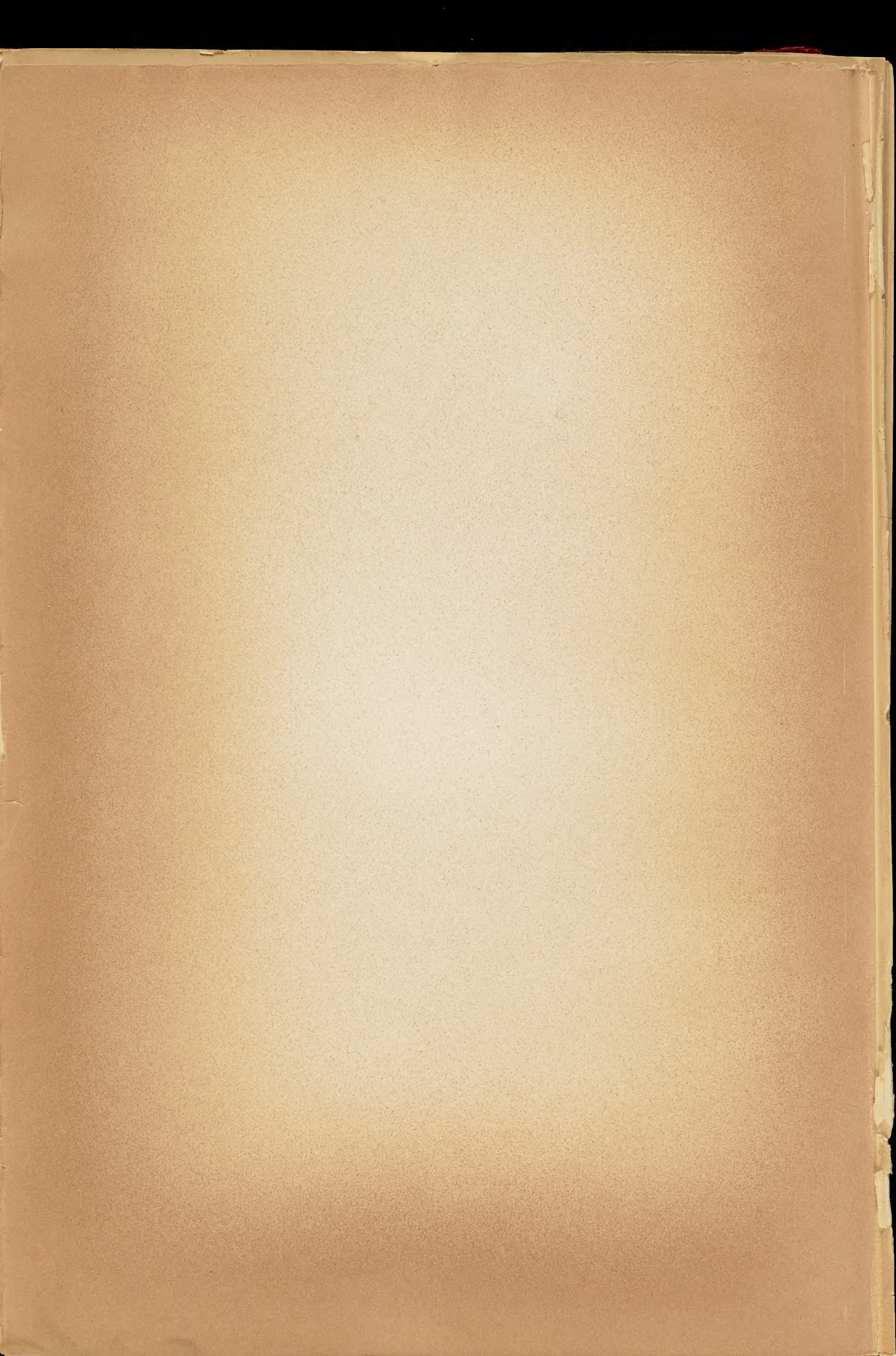


















M. HAMEL & A. ALEXANDRE

# SALONS OF 1903



GOUPIL & CO., ART PUBLISHERS, PARIS AND NEW YORK.

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THE SALONS OF 1903



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THE SALONS OF 1903

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F. FLAMENG.  
*Portrait of Mademoiselle Sorel.*

SALON OF 1903.

MAURICE HAMEL & ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE

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# THE SALONS OF 1903

ENGLISH TEXT

TRANSLATED BY PAUL VILLARS



GOUPIL & CO.

ART PUBLISHERS

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ART PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS

PARIS & NEW YORK

1903







# THE SALONS OF 1903.

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

PAINTING.

**T**HE Exhibition of the National Society is not one of the best we have seen since its foundation. It is nevertheless interesting for what it has to teach us as to the state of the artistic mind, the indefinable sense of something uncertain and tentative which shows a sort of weariness, and a vague desire for something new. I cannot but admit, to begin with, that the absence of such a painter as Eugène Carrière is cruelly felt. A lofty spiritual aim, depth of emotion, and a mind open to universal truth are what art most lacks nowadays. It has breadth rather than depth, glitter rather than glow. This Exhibition includes, indeed, many very remarkable works, but nothing of startling impressiveness. As we look at



some of the meritorious efforts which achieve only second-rate success, we are compelled to remember that the gift of artistic creativeness is rare and exceptional, and that all the good will in the world cannot make up for its absence. There are decidedly too many artists, I mean men who have made art their profession without having sufficiently mastered their craft, and in whom ambition is greater than the genuine passion. When everybody speaks at once who can get a hearing? A work of art is a public statement, intended to arouse the conscience and find an echo in the mind. It should be the outcome of much thought, a special form of expression, and a philosophy of life. To how many pictures does this definition apply?

Some pretty things indeed may be found in this medley of old-world methods and tendencies, in which it is vain, at present, to seek any general purpose. We must take what the moment has to give, and enjoy it without grumbling. Every sincere effort interests and attracts me, though I cannot think sincerity enough in itself. Besides, who shall define sincerity? The liar is sincere when lying is part of his nature; the imitator is sincere in his imitation; the copyist copies honestly if he can do nothing else. In all ages the men who can think for themselves, who see and understand, have been the exception.

M. Carolus-Duran's pictures give the visitor a welcome. The portrait of *Madame C. H.* is a charming work, quiet, pleasing and dignified in treatment. We cannot refuse our homage to the brunette beauty whose smiling face is seen in a setting of black, grey, white and gold, all in admirable harmony, very rich and unobtrusive. The portrait of an *Old Lithographer* does even greater credit to the spirit and sober accuracy of a hand which never was more vigorous or more certain in its touch. The work is direct, admirably felt, very living in expression, type, and movement. The sympathy which, as we feel, the artist had with his model, is communicated to the spectator. I personally, I must own, care

CAROLUS DURAN.  
*Portrait of Mrs. C. H. London.*

SALON OF 1903.











P.-A. BESNARD.  
*Portrait of Madame B*

SALON OF 1903











less for his landscape, which looks like a studied composition, and for the head of a boy which is vividly sketched in, but has not much in it. These make up a good show, bright with kindliness and good humor, facile but firm, free but well balanced, in which sometimes we forget to look for art.

Besnard is a magician, an artist of expansive powers, which go through many metamorphoses. His portrait of *Madame B.* sitting in a very simple attitude, alone in a bare cold studio, is a work of strong, deep feeling. It makes me perhaps a little unjust to some fanciful and brilliant attempts which strike me as a little arbitrary. This artist's imagination occasionally outruns his common sense; it would almost seem that he sometimes trusts to good luck to make up for his lack of purpose. His compositions, inspired by the eighteenth century, and reminding us of Fragonard — *Swans*, *Solitude*, and *By the Brook*, stamped with a light, refined touch of sensuality, show certain subtleties of light color such as only this great wizard can find in the brush, but also some heaviness of handling, with acrid passages and forced effects which at times break the charm and daunt the spirit that is ready and eager to yield to the spell.

Besnard, with his powerful talent, ought to give us works of finer unity and far greater scope.

If I were asked which works I most gladly remember in this rather incoherent exhibition, which give me the liveliest and fullest impression of real art, I should unhesitatingly reply : those of Maurice Denis. I have ere now more than once blamed this refined painter for his perverse hesitations and intentional oddities, childish or senile in their feeble utterance. Especially has he annoyed me when he painted very modern subjects in a preraphaelite manner. Nor can I say that he has this year renounced his peculiarities, but he has at least disguised them with an insinuating charm which I cannot resist.

There is still, to my mind, too much artificial artlessness in his

*Our Lady of the School*; but the Virgin, with her long veil and gold nimbus, who smiles on the children, presenting to them her own blue-eyed Infant, naked in her arms, has the plaintive charm and sweetness of a French Madonna of the fifteenth century; the little ones kneeling before her have innocent wondering eyes, and lips ready to part in a smile; it is all tender and loving, and we would fain forget every reservation, and enjoy so sweet and simple a harmony. Maurice Denis has the true decorative sense, now a rare gift. His talent, at once very complex and very new, is seen even more characteristically in two small pictures, very different in purport, and yet closely akin in their purity of feeling. The *Entombment*, the better of the two, is a solemnly tender scene, which appeals to me by the simplicity of the attitudes, the expressive lines of the figures, and the harmonious contrast of values, a deep violet and greenish golden tone, which are very sweet and pathetic and melt into a powerful cloud of color. Here again there is much to criticise; the bearers are not exerting themselves, the body does not weigh on their hands; but the whole impression is profound. The *Sea Shore* is radiant with the gladness of a morning in Eden. On the yellow sands by the blue sea we see women, girls, and children, slender chaste nudities, a mother seated to nurse her baby, a lady in a flowing white dress with a pink sun-bonnet—a delightful vision—and in the distance a white horse bathing, which reminds me of Puvis de Chavannes in his vision of the antique; and the whole thing is thrown into the distance and yet close at hand, and as familiar as a gothic bas-relief. This is poetry, genuine and ingenuous. I am struck by Maurice Denis' affinity with the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of French art. He has no doubt seen a great deal, and his memories are complex and sometimes overpowering. He is familiar with the early Italian renaissance in Siena and Florence, and yet, in these works of a deeply touched poet, with all their exquisite harmony, I find the accent of frank and smiling simplicity which was one of the

M. DENIS.  
*Our Lady of the School.*

SALON OF 1903.











É. SAIN.

*Portrait of Madame Auguste Dorchain.*

SALON OF 1902.









great charms of Puvis de Chavannes, the language of Gaul, less dignified and sonorous, but sweeter than that of Italy. Then let us have his feeling expressed more fully and without reserve; let him go forth to meet life, which he apprehends with so much refinement, throw off the conventions of a narrow school, and allow his talent to expand in all its originality and grace.

Subtle poetry, ingenious taste, the art of seizing the secret charm of things, the hidden meaning of a face, the essential grace of a woman, and often something more—something precious, unreal, fantastic—this mingling of qualities and defects make up the talent of Aman-Jean, a very singular and penetrating personality in the French school. His two female portraits are refined in character. In one, blue against blue, the too emphatic treatment of the smile is a little annoying. The other, in tones of very dark blue and pink, is perhaps the completest and loveliest thing of his that I have seen. The thrill of nervous vitality, the languid, fragile grace, the pensive wandering gaze of the velvety eye, the living and yet spiritualized texture of the flesh, the elegant ease of the attitude, and the graceful hand playing with a ribbon—everything is strikingly, captivately elegant. And the blue-black color of the dress brightened with pink puffs, the pale tones of the lace leading into the whiteness of the neck and shoulders, supply a subtle harmony. We stand a long time questioning this masterpiece of nature and art: this being, refined by centuries of culture, who has found an artist worthy to appreciate and interpret her intellectual beauty. Aman-Jean's manner, for a long time too essentially a manner, gains every year in decision and insight; more and more he unifies the life of the spirit with the life of the body.

Good portraits are not rare here. We can look with pleasure at those of *Claude A. Debussy* and of *Lucien Simon* by Jacques Blanche; of *Madame D.-B.* by Desvallières; of *Léandre* by Thévenot; of *Madame M.-A.* by Rosset-Granger, and of *Madame Dorchain* by Edouard Sain. I may mention by Gervex, besides the

portrait of *Mr. Gordon Bennett*, a pleasing portrait of a *Lady*; and by Abel Faivre the portraits of *Madame Chauvin and her daughter*.

Of the younger generation now arriving at maturity, Lucien Simon has come well to the front. His firm determination and noble purpose command our warmest sympathy, and we should like only to note his constant progress. It must, however, be confessed that this year he has rather diverged in the direction of his faults than gone forward in that of his best qualities. With all his fine gifts of intellect and sensibility he is too careless of his technique, and without that he cannot last. A heavy and hasty execution does not allow his refinement of feeling to be seen. Insight evaporates under a rough touch, which does not inevitably express at once what it is meant to express. In the *Portrait of Madame S. and her children*, the intention is refined; we are aware of luminous and golden youth, a mother's sweetness, and a child's merry face; but we are repelled by the heavy, loaded painting of the dress, and the hit-or-miss drawing of the faces. The whole is too much of a sketch and yet misses the spontaneity of a successful sketch. Again, in the *Old Men's Refuge* the handling seems to me far too summary and coarse. A human face should not be modeled like a bit of still-life. And these figures are seen at close range, as it were; the artist has not got far enough away from them; he no longer sees between himself and reality the haze of poetry which shrouds objects a little and transfigures them. I remember his *Painting* and certain remote and softened landscapes, meet home of dreams, and I fear lest he is mistaking jerks of force for strength; spurts which seem to me out of keeping with his highest aims. An admirable technique is one of many forms of love and devotion; it is the chosen language for the utterance of our dearest thoughts—slowly, with a full heart and set lips, for fear of losing anything.

Some of these remarks are no less applicable to Cottet, though



H. GERVEX.  
*Portrait of a Lady.*

SALON OF 1901.









A. FAIVRE.

*Portrait of Madame Hélène Chauvin and her Daughter.*

SALON OF 1903.









his work this year is not inferior to what he has done before. I cannot blame him for lingering on in Brittany; he so well expresses all its woeful and rugged humanity. Still, it would be a mistake to suppose that in order to represent uncultured beings art has any right to be untrained and rugged in its methods of expression. Now though there are refinements in Cottet's art, refinements of eye, of sensation and of emotion, we also find there halts, collisions, and inaptitudes. The modeling of the figure lacks breadth and logical continuity; it is not deeply studied, and does not carry us far. His Brittany is simplified to the verge of artificiality. He sees and insists that it is austere and bare; robed in mourning, in black, olive-green or greenish-brown. And yet, even in furthest Finistère, it has its splendors, its mirage of distant blue, of watery purples, sparkling emerald green, and opalescent mists. However, it is the painter's right, if he will, to restrict himself to its melancholy, quiet aspects; and Cottet knows how to get the utmost out of this rich though monotonous key. In *A Creek (Brittany)*, and *The Coast near Cap de la Chèvre*, the receding perspective of the path along the cliff, and the drawing of the shore show grandeur and dignity; the tones of the water, the moor and the sky are exquisitely delicate; in the second, however, the rocks are not in keeping with the sea. *The Mourners* is at first startling in the sculptural, deathlike stillness of the three women sitting on the stone-wall by the side of the road. As we look closer the impression grows no deeper; on the contrary, it wears thin. The old blind woman rather makes a grimace, very real I admit, but an ugly form of grief. The young girl's head, calm and pale, stands out well against the dull sky; the mother's expression is concentrated and hard, true, no doubt, but not beautiful. Cottet suggests more than he can realize; hence a sort of disappointment, which does not prevent our recognizing the harsh truthfulness and strength of his inadequate work.

In quite other scenes Dinet combines imagination and poetry



with a study of reality. His subject is from the Koran, giving us the Arabic version of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The picture is full of talent. The Arab women, dazzled by Joseph's beauty, sit round him with fixed enamored gaze; what is least visible, it must be owned, is how "they cut their hands," instead of cutting up oranges. The text tells us this, but the painter has failed to show it.

Gaston La Touche, again, is a man of imagination, who remembers the "Fêtes galantes," and likes to link the present to the past. It seems to me that he is freeing himself from the yellow hue that used to disfigure his work, and his technique improves in freedom and breadth. In the *Green Drawing-room* the coloring is rich; the fair lady who is flirting so passionately is well imagined in her gesture of avoidance so near to surrender. I like *Youth*, and *Grace* far less (what titles, and what would not be required to justify them!); they are too vague and scattered in effect, and lack ruling motive and commanding forms. There are, however, some good passages in the decorative panel he calls *Portraits*. Some women of to-day, reminding us too of the Columbines of the Italian stage, in dainty old-fashioned dresses, with sweet pensive looks, are perched, with a playful little boy, on a balcony—a very odd arrangement which makes them look less as if they were sitting than suspended in mid-air. Then, besides these fanciful subjects in which the artist's mind moves freely and in its element, he surprises us by exhibiting a *Deposition from the Cross*, violent in effect rather than deeply emotional. Not that I would object to the artist's treating both sacred and profane subjects; but it does not seem to me that his mode of feeling and composing his works has any relation to the devout frame of mind required by a religious theme.

The few examples of decorative work displayed in the Salon of the National Society will, I fear, add little to the credit of French art. And on this point it is impossible to avoid some melancholy

L. SIMON.

*Portrait of Madame S... and her children.*

SALON OF 1905.









C. COTTET.  
*Mourners (Brittany).*  
(Photograph by E. Creveaux.)

SALON OF 1863









A. HAGBORG.  
*A Woman of Dalecarlia.*

SALON OF 1903.









reflections. We have artists who have given admirable proof of their powers as decorators. They are unknown to official circles. The new Hôtel de Ville is peopled with statues without a commission to such a man as Rodin. The distribution of commissions obeys a rule of inconsequent caprice. We can but wonder where the keepers of the public money get their recommendations, whose taste they consult, on what principles they proceed. Chance, good luck, personal fancy—these are the only law of the official patrons, who, in their incompetent and indifferent eclecticism, act on the motto: "Everybody's friend," excepting from the "everybody" those true artists whose boldness, misunderstood by misguided opinion, would create a commotion. Truth must make herself very small and humble to obtain a hearing. She must always apologise for being in the right. Consequently she keeps aloof, and we see again and again the same blunders, a hundred times demonstrated but always in vain. The masters of yesterday and to-day are not worthily represented either in our public buildings, or our galleries. Tardily, when private encouragement has raised them to the position which the State ought to have given them, posthumous honor is done to them, vain and costly. The truth is spoken in a funeral sermon; a litany of regret and remorse.

M. Weerts is an estimable painter of portraits extremely like and minutely worked up. Is this his claim to employment on the walls of the Sorbonne? And what is the result? This *Foire du Lendit*, with its amusing details historical and realistic, is a pleasant illustration. The Hôtel de Ville at Tours commissioned M. Anquetin to paint the great sons of the province; here are *Rabelais*, *Descartes*, *Alfred de Vigny*, and *Balzac*, from contemporary portraits, much as we might expect to find them in a show at a fair. The witching town of Tours is to receive these huge grotesque effigies, and I wonder what the great Tourangeau, the keen and merry satirist of "l'illustre Gaudissart," would say them! Associations are formed to protect our scenery, but who will guard our public

buildings against a barbaric invasion? A bad picture is a bad picture, neither more nor less; but a work which is to perpetuate in a public hall some evidence of French art and taste has really no right to be so aggressive.

Roll, who of yore was a fervent realist, is now coquetting with the mystical. He is sincere, but shows a little of the awkwardness of the neophyte. I still discern in him the lover of the squalid in the vagabond who has dropped by the wayside, showing the soles of his boots. In *Motherhood*, where the effect of light is original, the strong red of a dress vexes the eye; and the *Legend of Brittany*, a horse—very real, too real—leaping a wide chasm at a bound, is at first inexplicable; but it is a strong piece of painting, free and large. Still, we hope the painter will come back to the firmer ground on which he was wont to tread so boldly.

Raffaelli, as we all know, has invented a new method of painting with solidified oil-paints. It is interesting to see the results obtained by the creator of this new vehicle of expression. The artist certainly was never surer of himself than in this pleasing portrait, full of innocent freshness and subtle good humor, of a *Young Girl with a Dog*. We here find the matte, velvety texture of pastel, with a sense of less fragility. It is the same in the other figures: *The Girl with Pinks*, the *Young Woman at her Toilet*; and in the bustling view in Paris, *Le Carrefour Drouot*; the soft downy surface of a pastel is found in this oil-crayon work with its vivid impressionism. The artist will evidently find in this medium many resources and facilities, and this is not to be despised.

Caro-Delvaille exhibits two important works: a nude study of a woman, and *A Portrait of Madame L. and her daughter*. This young artist was full of promise from the first. He came forth, rather suddenly, with a fully fledged talent, completely equipped. There is no doubt that he has the gifts of seeing, and of rendering what he sees. What use he will make of them remains to be proved. Those who watched his youthful progress with interest

G. LA TOUCHE.  
*The Green Drawing-room.*

SALON OF 1903.









JOSE RAFFAELLI

*Young Girl and Dog*

SALON 11, 1900









were not without anxiety. He has done something to reassure them, without wholly satisfying those who hope that he may do better than merely succeed. For my part I think he should be on his guard against a certain vulgar coarseness of vision and execution which is satisfied with stating facts, and transfigures nothing, mitigates nothing, sacrifices nothing. Such statements are the fashion, I know. But painting is not statistics, the truth cannot be packed for the parcels-post. Caro-Delville sees things with too cold an eye, without passion, without any thrill of sympathy or admiration; he measures them and gauges them precisely; he renders them powerfully, but we do not feel the glow or the poetry of the beauty of flesh. This nude woman is calmly painted—as calmly as she sits on the light-toned sofa. The forms are full and firm; she is neither modest nor immodest; she is simply there, and really I cannot say whether that is enough for a work of art, at any rate as I understand and love it. But nature! you will say, we must paint nature; nothing is more beautiful, and in her is all truth. And yet the intellect and sensibility of the artist have their claims, and if they do not intervene to show choice and a personal note of feeling, the work is cold, almost worthless. For in a work of art it is the intellect and sensibility of the artist that appeal to me, not merely the presentment of things visible. The power of imitation is essential, but not enough; it is the necessary means to leading me on towards something unreal and invisible which is present in every work that fills our soul with dreams and emotion.

Whether this intervention be ironical or tender, it transfigures and humanizes crude fact, elevating it to a higher dignity. Hence, in art the matter of technique is not all; there are questions of intelligence and moral sense. Art should uplift us to a higher level of sympathy and understanding. If it were a mere object-lesson colored photographs would be enough. Where I find no real feeling, I find no real beauty, I see no real life. At the same



time Caro-Delvaille has painted a very capable study of the nude. His other picture has some very good portions : the head, throat and hands of the mother and child, with fine qualities of color in the white. It is a little poor in treatment; here again too much is told, though there are weak places. The interest is too much scattered on the accessories, and not centered in the figures. The painter must learn to concentrate his effect, not in an artificial way, but by a genuine sense of what is most vital, and by the feeling and emotion he has in view of life. We know nothing outside ourselves, and our only duty is to develop ourselves in the direction of our highest aspiration.

Among our painters of manners, Prinnet, with an alert intellect and refined taste, chooses to paint scenes which carry us out of France. The *Picnic*, a rather weak and scattered composition, with the mail-coach, cover-coats, and light-hued muslins, reminds one of the opening of an English novel. *Concerted music*, a capital little picture, rich and sober in tone and well composed, would serve as an illustration of a tale of passion. In another picture the accessories are French, but of a past day : the mahogany, rep and Utrecht velvet of our fathers. But it is all charming; this careful comprehension of the past revives for the moment departed experiences and emotions dimmed by distance. Prinnet knows this well; he is retrospective of set purpose. M. Morisset, I fear, is so unconsciously, from incapacity to grasp the modern character of men and things. *Outside a Café*, which is certainly not far from Clichy and a presentment of people of our day, has an old-fashioned aspect in the color and air. Another picture too, *At the Opera*, betrays a want of comprehension of contemporary fashions and manners. I prefer to these Saglio's gentle, reserved charm in his pictures of a woman putting on her hat—*In front of the Glass*; a young *Artist*, a lady at her easel; and a *Model* uncomfortably conscious of her nudity, harmonious and a little sad. M. Saglio should avoid some excruciating greens. I admire the cordial sweetness of Gui-

H. CARO DELVILLE.  
*Portrait of Madame L. and her Daughter*

SALES OF THE









R. X. PRINET  
*The Picnic.*

SALON DE 1883.







V PROUE  
*Decorative panel*

1. 18th century  
1. 18th century  
1. 18th century

SALON OF 1900









guet, who shows us an elder sister telling *A Pretty Story* to a delighted little girl, a very pretty story, no doubt, for the child is rapt; in the *Child with a Doll* he expresses without affectation the motion of rocking. The painting is a little thin, but delicately pleasing; the drawing free and the feeling delightful. Dela-chaux, who is less definite in his work and composes with too much pains, has simplicity, but rather a woolly manner of modeling.

If the word *intimité* did not exist it would have to be invented to express the discreet charm of Madame Lisbeth Devolvé's flowers. They live in some tender shelter, where their fragile spirit exhales itself : azaleas, chrysanthemums, pale orchids with soft gray shadows; their sweet lines are mirrored in a loving soul, and all their secrets are known to her. Nor is this young artist content with what she has achieved; we can see at once that her handling, while losing none of its lightness and freedom, is gaining in purpose and power.

A determined muffling of outline seems to me overdone in Le Sidaner's work; it is as though he saw everything through ground glass. A bouquet on a table might have been brought there by a medium, it awaits a party of phantoms, and the beings who will inhale its funereal perfumes must certainly be astral bodies.

The noble Porch at Chartres, and the Gateway by the Bishop's Palace are not to my knowledge so red in tone or so hazy in modeling. I prefer the *Table in the Garden*, at which one could take a seat with less uneasiness; and *The Shop*, which is not so excessively spectral.

Maurice Lobre still sets before us the past splendors of the Monarchy in the cold majesty of Versailles. He does it with extraordinary talent; each of his pictures is a marvel of finish, brilliancy, and richness; still, one cannot but wonder at last how many more rooms there are in the Palace of Versailles.

To return to the painters of modern manners. If we want fashion-

able life no one is keener or more incisive than Jeannot. He has the spirit and the taste of the day. When he takes us to *Five o'clock Tea* or to join in a *Conversation*, this keen observer shows us more than the surface of things; he unveils character, he allows no reticence, he defies artifice, and unmasks all the tricks and manœuvres of the drawing-room with cold and biting irony.

Jean Veber generally tries to amuse us. His picture of *The Sun shines for all* is quite irresistibly exhilarating. The inn in the Land of Cockayne, where grotesque humanity is heartily taking its pleasure; the welcome of the pot-bellied innkeeper, the absolutely truthful gestures of the queer, half-monstrous little beings, are all in a thoroughly comic vein. In *Useless mouths* the satire is more trenchant, but not less happy: the gesticulations of a burly orator, and the contrast between the chill solemnity of the ushers and wild vehemence of the swarms of members, are absolutely true and new.

Excepting perhaps a few hardened townfolk, true to their opinions, who is there that does not love French nature as recalled to us by Jean Jacques, and since the school of 1830 has recorded its touching beauty, and the Impressionists have repeated its ever-young song in a thousand brilliant keys? Who is there that does not feel in himself the soul of a landscape painter, since sea and mountain, forest and moor, are brought within the comprehension of almost every mood? Fromentin remarked a long time ago that landscape has invaded everything, and that the open air has modified many of our points of view. Still, in painting it remains a separate branch of art, lending itself to very various interpretations. Does it not seem as though any one could master it? To model a figure, to give it shape and expression, character and style, an apprenticeship is needed, a knowledge of the craft. It would seem at first sight that nature, an obliging model, was within reach of all, even the most artless. We have, however, only to



H - E LE SUDANES  
*The Shop*

SALON 41 1903







P. G. JEANNIOT.  
*Portrait of Madame R. D.*

SAISON DE 1881









consider the open country, the rolling perspective of the land, the distant horizon, the unfathomable limpid depths of the sky always in due relation to the earth, to perceive that the art which can place on a few feet of canvas all the strict and complex logic of nature is both arduous and mysterious. Here, again, the sincerest aspiration, the most determined will, are unavailing. With these gifts there must be passionate devotion, steady and persistent meditation. Pretty effects, superficial charm we often find; but solid construction, a sense of space and air, the breadth and flow of distances leading imperceptibly from one to the next, and over all the magical play of light and diaphanous atmosphere—these are, and always will be, extremely rare. Love is not enough; comprehension and the power of expression must be added. Technical methods, stroke and dot and complementary values, may all be taught and transmitted; but art, which is knowledge informed by feeling, is a personal gift that cannot be imparted; and that is why, in defiance of analysis and explanations, it will for ever remain a mystery.

At the height of the impressionist movement René Ménard has a quite original fancy for restoring the classical landscape with its dignified and well-balanced composition. He mingles natural scenery with reminiscences of the history and poetry of mankind. He has never done this with greater power and charm than in his *Egina*, where the broken columns and the entablature of a Doric temple stand out against a bright sky of greenish blue, with the soft tones of marble mellowed and golden from time. The tender harmonious hues of the stone are in happy contrast to the almost black verdure of the trees and purple gloom of the distant hills. Another good work is *The Wanderers*, with the fine long sweep of coast bordering the sea, and the perspective of dark bluffs which bar the horizon with level masses, crowned with the snowy crest of Taygetes. The smoke of a fire burning in the open air to warm the vagabonds rises and is lost against a calm sky. "Nature is a temple," said Baudelaire, and René Ménard supplies

a comment on the text, endeavoring to express the order and quiet logic which govern her compositions.

Dauchez applies similar principles to a study of Brittany. Careful chiefly of the structure of the landscape and its due proportions, he works always in a low and sombre key of purplish grays and subdued greens not devoid of melancholy charm. The *Kelp fire*, the *Plain*, and *Sandhills* give a strong impression of monotonous expanse in its sad but captivating charm, and its serious lines dying away in the distance. In his *Ship in Dock*, too, I note the fine and noble composition.

Meslé, reminiscent of Cazin's subdued tones, loves moonlight, dusk, and clouded days. His *Valley (sunset)*, with a man and a white horse going home from work down the sunken lane, the perspective of the land lost in the distance, is full of charm and mystery. He gives a very subtle rendering of the blue grayness and pale yellow gleams of evening, the silence and peace of the mystic hour between day and night. Moullé paints the glories of sunset, the hot transparence of a summer evening when the lights are orange and the shadows blue. The still reflections look deep in the water under the arches of a bridge in the golden glow, and masses of motionless foliage bathe in the low beams, casting soft gloom on the ground below.

Side by side with these calm studies Lebourg shows us new problems solved with happy skill. His pictures, all dated from Geneva, are wonderful in their spontaneous audacity and liquid coolness; watery gleams dancing on the lake, on the mountain, or forest background. Here we have a sudden flash of insight, a vivid synthetical treatment of which the effect is secured, at a certain distance, by the bold freedom and assurance of the brush.

Then, less bold in style, we come to Damoye's pleasing impressions: *The Meadow*, and *The Thouet at Bagneux*; Dagnaux's clear cool landscapes, *The Bridge at Mantes*, and *The Old Road*; the delicate violet and green tones of Clary's *Farm on the Banks*



J. WEBER  
*The Sun shines for all*

SALON 100 100 100







A. DAUCHEZ.

*Ship in Dock*

SALON OF 1890









H. W. MESDAG  
*After the storm*

SALON OF 1900









of the *Seine*, and the *Ruins of Château-Gaillard*; Billotte's twilight scenes, refined in feeling but a little too minute and spotty in execution; a decorative panel by Chudant: *The Préfecture of le Doubs*, which has a good deal of style; the landscapes of Franche-Comté, by Muenier, *Old Roofs* and the *Close of Day*, effective in a misty atmosphere; some powerful shipping, a little too yellow in tone, by Ullmann, views of the port of Hamburg, with heavy clouds of steam and smoke against a golden sunset sky; *The Meuse at Dordrecht* by Stengelin, calm and harmonious; the seas of Normandy by Boulard, and the plains of Picardy by Braquaval; the high plateaux of Auvergne by Koenig, a little arid in effect; the delicate mists of Rouen by Chevalier; the bright tone of Costeau's landscapes, the somewhat murky subtlety of Griveau; Francis Jourdain's *Stormy Sky*, and Mademoiselle Esté's *Estuary of the Orne*. All these works deserve to be favorably mentioned.

Montenard is faithful to Provence brightly blue and golden, and Le Gout-Gérard to the seaports of Brittany. Smith paints Venice — the red Campanile of the church of San Giorgio flooded with glowing sunshine; Vail, too, is in love with Venice, while Gillot devotes himself to the most familiar scenes of Paris in his own crisp and vivacious manner: *The Seine, with Notre-Dame*, the *Rue des Saints-Pères*, the *Pont des Arts*. Jules Flandrin, whose methods in *A Portrait* strike me as still somewhat timid, and, in his large altar-piece, as rather heavy and clumsy, shows high qualities as a painter of landscapes, bold in style, very rich in color, and decorative in treatment, such as *The Valley of the Isère, Autumn*, and the *Church at Corenc*. And no ordinary artist is he who has set before us in strong but harmonious tones *An Audience at Venice*. He is still torn in divergent directions, but he will find his true way.

Guillaume Roger, again, has some charming qualities of spontaneous freshness and transparency; he has very wisely reduced the size of his pictures, and his painting is firmer in consequence, and fuller without any loss of vivid accuracy.

Lhermitte is still at the head of those painters who introduce figures into landscape. He is the faithful chronicler of the sons of the soil; he knows their build, their air and gait, and places them in the picture with unerring certainty. His haymakers and his reapers are caught in the very act of their daily toil. In *The Marne* his manner has gained greatly in breadth; the hazy diffused light permeates the grey atmosphere and is mirrored in the waters. There is, in this simple picture, an element of grandeur, of noble feeling, which makes of it a really masterly work.

There is so much and such various talent to be seen nowadays; and yet we wonder a little uneasily whether the French school, which twice in the last century re-created landscape painting, is not letting the sceptre pass into other hands. It is true that the most original of those painters — Monet and Pissarro — are not represented here; but among the younger men who follow them their direct inheritors are to seek. Among the multiplicity of technical methods, and the variety of sensations recorded, we cannot but feel the absence of the synthetic faculty. The skin-deep surface, the appearance of things, seem to be more thought of than fundamental truth and underlying structure.

The foreigners exhibiting in the Salon of the Société Nationale are many. Some people complain of this, but I do not know why. Why should we deplore the fact that Paris is still the center of artistic productiveness, and that the best come to her from all parts to set the seal on their fame?

The Spanish School is brilliantly represented this year. Zuloaga's audacious and highly spiced realism is quite startling. This artist, who is very clever and gifted, exhibits three works of unequal merit. That in the middle, *Dressing for the Bull-fight*, is not the best; we feel that it is an enlarged study; it is incoherent and empty. I much prefer the *Gitana and Andalusian Girl*, in which the type of the elder woman is strongly brought out, and the girl is as racy and as daring as a Goya. In a *Smart Answer* the audacious rustic who

P.-E. DAMOYE.  
*The River Thouet (Bagneux)*

SALON OF 1903.









R. BILLOTTE.  
*Evening—Les Andelys.*

SALON OF 1903.







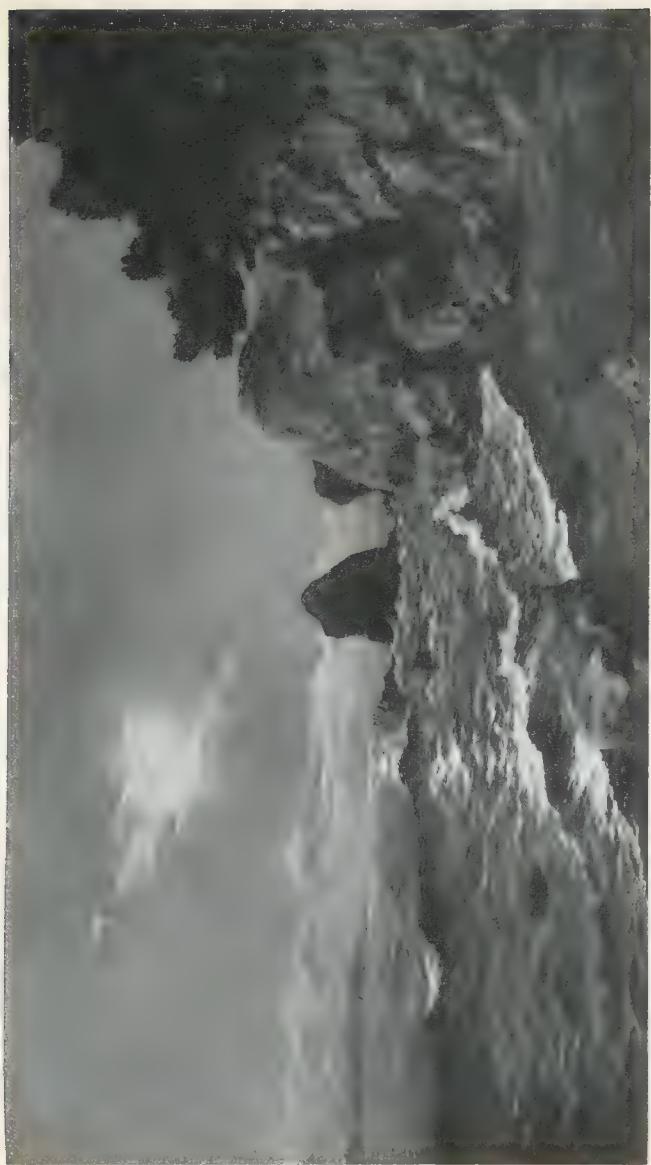




E. DAUPHIN  
*Summer night near Toulon.*

SALON OF 1903









fires a shot of biting irony at the laughing Chula as she dances by is a little too exactly like one of Velasquez' Drinkers, but the girl's movement is well seized. The whole thing is swiftly recorded and true to the life. Zuloaga must beware of the amazing facility which leads him to exhibit together works so unequally spontaneous and yet not glaringly discordant. He has so direct a grip of nature and so firm a style of his own, that he should always speak for himself. I may also mention, among the works of Spanish painters, Anglada's sumptuous gloominess, Rusinol's pictures of *Gardens*, and the tragical *Barcelona* by Casas.

Italian art is representend by Boldini's confident and piercing *Portrait of Sem*, the caricaturist; it sparkles with vitality and the flash of life seized on the instant. It is painted at a spurt, as it were, with a sort of frenzy of spirit and unerring rapidity. We are at once bewildered by the vigorous facility of execution and delighted by the audacious ring of truth which thus stamps a face on the eye and memory.

England has always had excellent portrait painters. From Reynolds and Gainsborough her artists have always given their sitters that flower of elegance which is characteristic of the most aristocratic gentry in the world. Nothing can be more distinguished and attractive, or at the same time simpler, than John Lavery's portrait called *The Blue Bow*; a fair woman in a black and grey dress, whose light blue eyes match the bunch of blue ribbons so coquettishly pinned into her hair. It is in perfect taste. Neven du Mont is equally happy in a similar work, the *Portrait of Madame Alfred N. D. M.*, painted in the same key of grey and blue. It must be said indeed that this picture is a little colder in color, but by no means less graceful in effect.

Austen Brown is rather less bluntly direct. His hazy brushwork lends remoteness to the figure and shrouds the realistic details. The subdued color is softened to a dull golden glow; the spirit of

the sitter shines through the form and features. The portrait of *Mrs. T. Austen Brown* is very expressive. The Canadian, J. W. Morrice, is a delightful landscape painter. His *Tuileries*, *Public Garden in Venice*, and *Snow Scene (Canada)*, remind us of both Whistler and Manet by their breadth and accuracy of touch, and unfailing spell of poetic mystery. In the *Regatta, Saint-Malo*, the swelling sails of milky whiteness are bright blots against the sky; the atmosphere is moist and gusty; the transparent tone is quite delicious. One of the best pictures here is the *Dutch Funeral in the Snow*, by Bartlett.

American art has much in common with English art, but shows a difference in its greater independence and *brio*. *The Misses Hunter*, by Sargent, are emancipated modern English girls; seated on the three sides of a settee they look out at the spectator brightly and frankly; the family resemblance is subtly conveyed, and the workmanship is admirable. I would also mention Rolshoven's *Evening in the Monastery*. Friesseke still paints in the Whistlerian style very pleasingly.

There are some capital Belgian landscapes. Courtens sends the *Old Women of the Schiedam Asylum*, a row of white caps and violet cloaks, in the cool dusk and pale moonlight, a rich deep-toned painting with a full brush; Buysse, some studies of canals, especially *The Canal, Moonrise*, where the black water, the brown-grey dusk and the row of poplars colorless in the twilight, are harmonious and true. There are some bright studies by Claus: *The Golden Road*, *Morning*, *The Awakening of Spring*, all flowery and sweet; *Ploughing*, and *Sowing* by Verstraete, broad in sentiment, firmly and freely painted; all these are the work of a strong school which goes steadily on its way and has a sound refined and powerful tradition.

Frantz Charlet introduces an airier fancy into this sober art, a sort of fluid, wandering vagueness which has its charm. I like his water-colors even better than his oil paintings: *A Dance (Isle of Marken)*, and *Out for a Walk*. Léon Frédéric has often been

A STENGELIN.  
*The Meuse at Dordrecht Holland.*

SALON OF 1903









M.-F. COURANT.  
*Pilot Boats (Villerville),.*

SALON OF 1903.









F. MONTENARD.  
*A Girl's Funeral in Provence.*

SALON OF 1903.









better inspired than when he painted these two triptychs : *Saint Francis on the Seashore* and *Saint Francis among the Sandhills*. In these archaic scenes I see, indeed, the simple taste of the painter who loves the early art of the Netherlands, a pleasing purpose and artless pathos. But his handling is thin to dessiccation, his artlessness is mere stammering. Is this really the man who depicted with so much human feeling *The Three Ages of Labor*? Not that I object to his choice of a subject, but to the perverse unrealism which gives us boats blundering through waves of marble, and embodies the lover of birds and beasts in a human frame of wooden aspect. A large picture by Bastien, *Among my Friends*, is powerful but rather heavy, too much like a Courbet. Pannemaker exhibits a very fine portrait of *Marius Michel*.

From Norway Skredsvig has visited us again this year, a little shrunk; the Swede Gustave Albert has settled in France and is developing his fine talent here.

Thaulow is triumphant with six capital pictures, all deserving of notice; if I were forced to select I should name *The Lighter*, so bright with gay color, or *The Marble Gate*, very original in effect, or *The Sentinel*, so happily composed. But all must be noted. They are the very spirit of nature, its voice, its essence; the vision of an original brain, the touch of an assured hand, the enjoyment of a true lover who revels in the delight of work. Holmboe, with his rugged handling of *An old Factory in Norway*, is far from unpleasing, nor is the decorative fancy of Willumsen, a Dane. Strom's *Interior; in the country (Norway)*, is also a piece of sound and true feeling. The art of the North is hale and hearty, always full of promise, and in some cases the promise is fulfilled.

Switzerland, grave and puritanical, finds expression in *Christ in Bethany*, by Burnand, breathing the deepest conviction; Franco-Switzerland produces the *Long-haired Child*, by Mademoiselle Breslau, one of the most sympathetic portraits she has given us of the childhood she understands so well. She also exhibits

*Zinnias*, and *Larkspurs*, splendid in color, broadly and yet subtly handled.

The Slavonic spirit is seen, strangely nervous and sensitive, in the graceful figures breathed on to the canvas, as it seems, by Mademoiselle Boznanska. Germany is this year inadequately represented by Borckhardt, who is thin and hard, and by Sohn-Rethel, timid in his work. From Armenia comes a new and original artist: Mademoiselle Babaian, who exhibits a *Girl Reading*, which reveals a keen eye and refined feeling.

If, to conclude, we come back to the French school and seek for hopeful work among the younger men, we can glean many very nice things.

Lebasque is a painter who should be watched with interest. He, again, endeavors to show human life in its harmony with natural environment. His technique is an evident outcome of impressionism; he tries to express the soft movement of light as a surrounding medium. His success is unequal, he still sometimes blunders from uncertainty. There are heavy passages in his *Motherhood*, but *Luncheon on the Grass* would be perfect if the child were not so awkwardly drawn; the mother seated on the ground, and the little girl standing near her are charming, and the luminous atmosphere is admirably rendered.

Marcel-Béronneau still seems torn by conflicting impulses. Possessed by the influence of his master, Gustave Moreau, which may mislead him and fetter his talent in wilful and cherished artificiality, he seems haunted by a sort of remorse when he endeavors to study real life. And yet it is in this direction that in my opinion he will ultimately succeed. The *Old Woman telling her Beads* by the fire, and another distressful figure called *In Suspense*, are richly colored in a subdued key, and show true feeling somewhat marred by too much emphasis. In M. Rouart's *Nausicaa* there is much youthful imagination with originality and freshness of color; the Homeric Idyl is interpreted with innocent grace, and racy ingenuity.

LE GOUT-GERARD.  
*On the Slips Concarneau, Brittany.*

SALON O. 1603.









E.-L. VAIL.  
*St. Mark's, Venice.*

SALON OF 1883.









E. FRIANT.  
*The Old Horse.*

SATON OF 1903.







We see the daughter of Alcinous moving supreme among her companions as Artemis, pure and proud, might appear among her Nymphs.

Hugues de Beaumont has very fine qualities, but he has sometimes shown them to better advantage. His *Dinner Party* is rather vacuous, rather summary. The attitudes are not thoroughly accounted for, the atmosphere is stiff and too thin; the attempt, it would seem, is beyond his powers. But we find his usual quickness of eye and firm nervous handling in some pictures on a smaller scale: *The Invalid*, *The Visit*, and a study of *Still-Life*, of sober and brilliant workmanship. *The Invalid* especially is truthful in expression and well composed; the girl's figure in grey, whose back only is seen, is particularly pleasing. Two paintings by Avelot: *My Parents*, and *Among the Toys*, show a mature style, giving expression to keen and intelligent affection.

Two more new-comers invite our attention, and their unusual manner of work cannot be overlooked. These are Bonnard and Vallotton. They have this in common: that they both get a comical effect without our quite knowing how far it is intentional. In his *Afternoon Party* Bonnard makes pleasant fun of the obesity and ugliness of people in general. The rather woolly tone has a subtle charm; the landscape and still-life are cleverly managed; the children's gestures are keenly noted with expressive lightness; the other figures, fat and graceless, are merely caricatures — very funny, I must admit. But this satirical study of humanity is out of harmony with the highly finished painting of the scene about them. We are puzzled and wonder whether the painter intends to make us laugh or amuses us against his will. Vallotton in the same way is very disconcerting. In his *Group of Portraits* I discern a marked individuality in the treatment, though it is a little heavy. He seems to have taken the task very seriously; he is studious, almost pedantic, and yet here, in this party of solemn persons with stern and august faces, we see, as in a concave mirror, the distorted features of a well-known artist, M. Cottet, quite irresistibly droll, it is true.



But again we ask : Is this comic detail intentionally funny? Or is it involuntary? If it is intentional what a grotesque whim! If not, what monstrous bad taste! Both these works lack unity and consistency; they are ill considered compositions which do not balance, and remain undecided in purpose and meaning.

We are at the end of our first little tour. We have found no work of that supreme quality which carries us out of ourselves, beyond actuality, to the realm of dreams and the ideal. In fact, the ideal, the fervid love of truth, the ardor of achievement, are somewhat lacking in these days, at least in the domain of art. Our school seems breathless; it has no daring; it does not believe in its mission to uplift souls and maintain them on the heights. Humanity needs heroes to lead the way, and to call upon it to suffer that it may attain glory. If the young see their elders hesitate, or fall asleep on the levels they have attained, they lose all notion of making the painful effort essential to all achievement. What we have learnt, what we know grows stale in our mind, loses its resilience and impetus if we cease to renew its force by some fresh endeavor. Repetition is fatally weakening, and it is disastrously easy to cripple one's powers by delusive security. Of course no man is bound to be a hero, but without such heroism he ceases to be a master. And when I call upon the artist to renew himself, I do not want him to astonish himself or us by swift changes of face or unexpected capers. On the contrary, he should be always, and more and more, essentially himself; he should be increasingly and more completely sure of his own individuality, and of his highest aims; he should concentrate himself, search out the very heart of his powers. Each one, though he cannot do everything, can do some one thing better than his fellows. If he tries to assimilate things foreign to his nature, and exhausts himself in that vain effort, he will fail to play a part which he has only assumed, and must end by dropping the mask. We see artists who thus travel in a circle; after a longer or shorter round they only come back to the starting point. Yielding to the craving

L.-A. LHERMITTE.

*Gleaners.*

Etching by G. Garen.

SALON OF 1903.









Y. ZULOAGA.  
*Dressing for the Bull-fight.*

SALON OF 1903







to make a show, they forget that their first duty is to be themselves. Mastery is attained by mental effort; it is a rejection of all imposed bonds, all external discipline, the free and glad emancipation of our inmost self.

Besides conflicting purpose, I am struck by the indecision of technique. Many, even of the most gifted, intelligent and sympathetic artists, seem paralyzed in their craving for expression by their ignorance of the very elements of their craft. I fear that there must be something radically wrong in our artistic training. Our young painters are taught a great deal, but not how to paint. Archæology, rules so called of composition, the art of grouping figures, action, drapery, gesture, pyramidal arrangement, what not? All this is taught, but the material of art—the nature of the colors, their chemistry, their affinities—the craft in short, they are left to discover for themselves. They ought first to be trained as skilled artisans, good craftsmen, thoroughly familiar with the materials and the tools they must work with. They should be taught all that can be taught, just what will enable them to earn an honest livelihood by useful work if they have it not in them to do more and better. On the contrary, they try to learn what cannot be imparted by rule and method, what observation and experience alone can teach them, and only if they have the gift. The consequence is that they aim at solving the highest problems before they know the elementary rules, and are often wrecked in some ambitious attempt by their ignorance of the A B C of painting.

In all the great periods of art there has been a tradition of the craft adapted to the character and aims of the time and the race; the most dissimilar individuals have with similar means, expressed quite clearly what they wanted to say; works of original thought and feeling were produced from this common basis. But then the young artist had served an apprenticeship in his master's studio, had ground the colors and cleaned the brushes, had seen the master work, taken part in his labors, and so slowly climbed the steps which lead from mechanical production to creative travail. Equipped with technical knowledge



and manual skill, he could bring to these traditional methods whatever new elements his personal observation and feeling might supply; whereas anonymous teaching, expressed in generalities and abstract time-worn rules, can lead to nothing but vague yearnings unable to find expression. Thenceforth each man aims at a language of his own, and the originality which ought to lie in the sentiment or the idea, is, unfortunately, to be found only in the vocabulary or the grammar.

All this is as much as to say that contemporary art lacks tradition. Tradition is the outcome of collective effort, of accumulated labors, enabling the artist to produce an independent epitome of nature. Through tradition the living artist benefits by the experience of his predecessors, the gradual apprehension of natural phenomena by the human mind. Without it he can only render his personal impressions as chance may guide him; he contributes nothing to the structure raised through past ages; he goes back to the rudiments; instead of co-operating his efforts are all frittered; instead of a lordly palace we see a crowd of gaudy tents or squalid huts. And again all his endeavor is spent on expression; he has not time to think. Cured of sentimental painting we are in danger of sinking to mere mechanical painting. It is strange indeed that while science is gaining broader and more coherent views of the world, and reveals more clearly the unity of matter and natural forces, art seems to be shrinking and wasting, unable to create the great sympathetic works which were the glory of the past. It is disintegrating, and scattering, instead of concentrating, its forces. It clutches at fugitive impressions instead of holding fast to the permanent and essential principle. Hence the many "special lines," the endless "departments," where different goods are on show: flowers and vegetables, Bretons and Gitanas, fashionable life, and so forth. Almost all these works lack unity, because few artists rise to an apprehension of the one great continuity in which each form is a link. Now the sense, instinctive and educated, of this general truth is the philosophy of art. A detached work is only an evidence of skill; a coherent, well-considered series

L.-H. FRÉDÉRIC.

*St. Francis on the sea-shore*

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK, 1905

SALON OF 1905









F. THAULOW.  
*The Lighter*

SAISON OF 1913.







is a mirror of the universe, a visible expression of its laws. Never has Nature been more talked about and looked at than now; never, I fear, so little understood. Sensations are more than ever numerous and subtle, but no one co-ordinates them into a homogeneous whole. Intelligence appears to be out of court; artists seem to have paint-tubes at their finger-tips, and stalked eyes like lobsters. They see and paint with feverish haste, and have not time to think or to transfigure what they see. The art of our day appeals to the eye rather than to the mind. If we walk through the Salons as we turn over the pages of a picture book, we may derive some illusory and transitory pleasure; but if we seek some intellectual profit, some food for thought, we shall, I fear, be disappointed. And yet intelligence is essential to a work of art — the faculty which never grows old, which strengthens by use, and triumphs by bringing complex and dissimilar notions under general and simple laws. The history of a mind and its spiritual evolution are more fascinating and instructive than any record of sensations however keen and thrilling. Sensation is the indispensable starting point; without it art is not; but it is only the initial stage of the whole complex work. The artist can only communicate the result of his cogitations by means of form; but the senses, the mind and the feelings must collaborate and amalgamate to produce one vivid flash.

Defective methods and the loss of tradition account, as I believe, for the absence of mastery in contemporary art. It is lost in minute analysis, it no longer discerns the Whole. It cannot see the wood for the trees. The rush of transient phenomena blots out the perdurable truths. Art in its beginnings was something quite different. Unable then to record life's various aspects, it grasped the eternal type. The Egyptians, sculptors of quiescence, of glorified stillness in repose or in prayer, adjusted the living creature to inanimate nature. Their statuary, simple and broad in design, admirable in its sense of analogy, carried out in its figures the logical complement to the structure of the soil, expressing the unity which governs all



life. In Greek art the sense of harmonious continuity is so absolute and coercive, and so feelingly expressed in form, that the fracture of a Greek marble is as grievous as the mutilation of a sentient being. And we must come back to this sense of oneness before we can find the road to success and glory. To understand nature is to obey her laws and work by her plan. In the French school of the past a few men really saw her perfect, primordial unity. Poussin, Watteau, Chardin, Corot and Puvis de Chavannes owe their real greatness to this intuition. But count the men of to-day who cling to this lofty tradition, who can subjugate the perceptions of sense to the eternal laws known to the intellect. Besnard can, when he chooses; Rodin and Carrière can, and always do. And work as impassioned and learned as theirs is indeed enough to re-assure us as to the future of the French school, if only their teaching may be understood and others may glow with the like passion and rise to their heights. Some critics, less enlightened than patriotic, are prophesying the decay of French art. I know that "the Spirit bloweth where it listeth", and that none can count on to-morrow. There are signs, I own, of weakness, and the younger generation do not spread their wings for any very bold flights. Criticism, often relying on too rapid a purview, has no time, nor perhaps courage, to insist on the return of the wanderers to the high road which they never should lose sight of. But at any rate the pedantry and exaggeration of Boeklin and his clumsy followers will not tempt us to our ruin. Material prosperity may encourage art; it does not produce it; and we may remind the blatant parvenu of our time of the tale of Martha and Mary. Martha is busy over many things, but if Mary can keep her true and fervent love she still has the better part.

No, it is not power that is lacking, so much as a wise use of power. When the history of our time is written the world will be amazed to find that the artists who are its chief glory are left in the shade. Sceptics are wont to assert that this is inevitable, and has always been the case. But it is not so. At most can it be pointed

A. SOHN-RETHEL.  
*Motherhood.*

SALON OF 1872









E.-H. ROUART  
*Nausicaa.*

SALON OF 1903





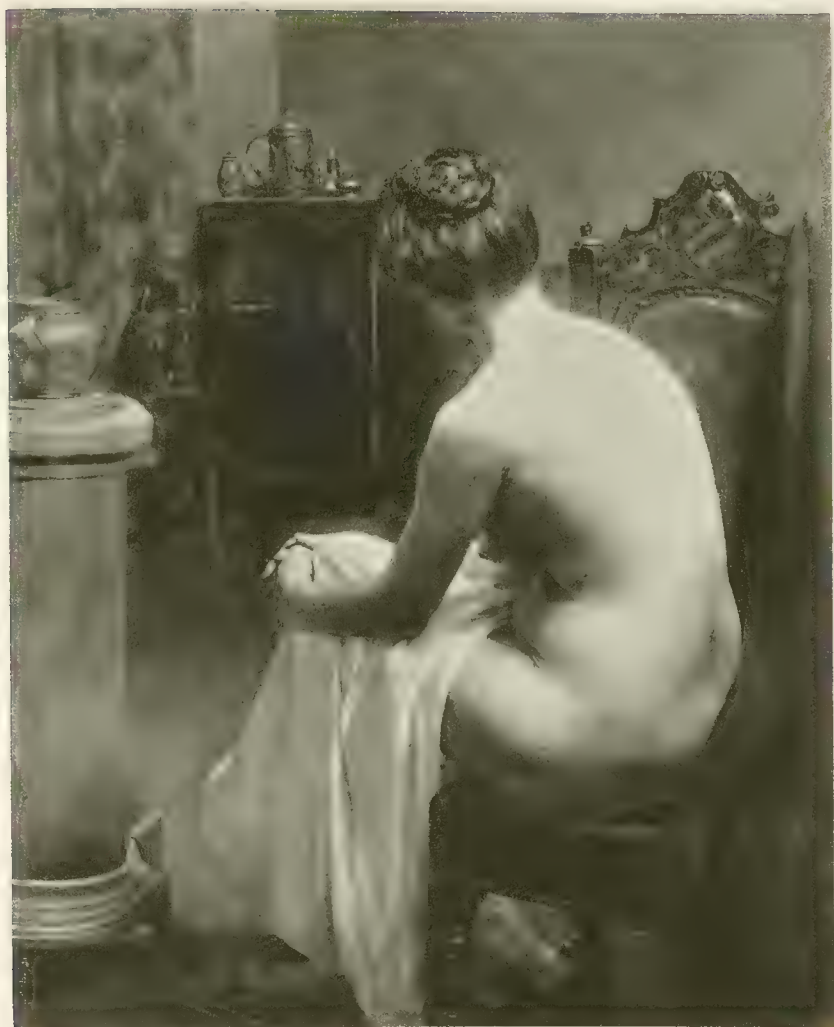


J. LEEMPOELS.  
*The Model resting.*

SALON OF 1903.









out that Poussin, disgusted with Court intrigues, retired to his tent and to his beloved Roman Campagna. The eighteenth century made the most of the delicate talent of its "little masters" in decorative work of all kinds. The superintendents of artistic works loved their office, and brought together competent men, lovers of the beautiful and bold of speech. For Sèvres or for the Gobelins, they knew their men. Now, quite recently, for the Gobelins, whose masterpieces have lately been shown once more, a commission was given to an artist whose talents I do not dispute, but who certainly was not in the least qualified to supply a design for tapestry. A large sum will be expended in producing a work without style, confused and harsh in color. Such men as Maurice Denis, or Vuillard, who are clever in massing effects and harmonizing color, would have done the thing to perfection. But they will not get such a job, no fear! In the rich but confused resources of contemporary art many and various aptitudes might be brought to light by encouragement. Many, who paint easel-pictures willy-nilly, because they have no opportunity of doing anything else, would be admirable designers of cartoons for glass-windows, or become first-rate cabinet-makers. In the days when there were Guilds they would have found their calling; the State ought now to afford them help. But instead of making the best use of what it can command, it tries to codify the ideal and allocate genius.

The section of drawings, water-colors and pastels is, as usual with the National Society, very rich, very much alive; many good things are to be seen there. First we have the sketches brought home from Peking, Siam and Cochin China by La Nézière, an incisive draughtsman who notes with swift apprehension the manners, costumes and various types of humanity; Chinese figures, Siberian moujiks, Siamese dancing girls, simply outlined or lightly washed in, rise before us in strange attitudes, with stranger faces. Luigini's brilliant and cleverly touched water-colors: *The Housewife*, *The Metropolitan*, *The Twilight hour*, give a fantastic but very true charm to

some familiar aspects of Paris. Mademoiselle Nourse infuses a fresh, wholesome flavor into her studies in Brittany; her two pastels *Mother and Child*, and *In the Garden*, are particularly pleasing with their honest, smiling good-humor. Mademoiselle Bermond has the art of conveying the sweetness of a smile, the affection of a glance with a misty touch of the brush; *The Interrupted Reading*, and *Perfume*, are charmingly dreamy but firm. *The First Snow*, by Mademoiselle Esté, has the somewhat meagre and very feminine elegance that characterizes this artist. Mademoiselle Crespel, always up to her own mark, exhibits water-colors of *A mirror and vases*, and *A Study of still-life*, firmly drawn and masterly in breadth; few artists have so marked a sense of decorative effect. Mademoiselle Marie Gautier, whose water-colors and pastels are delightfully bright and simple, will, I believe, prove even more attractive in her colored etchings: *Children on the seashore*, *Wasps and plums*, *Iris and frogs* are exquisitely delicate.

We here find Maurice Denis again with five frames of illustrations for the "Imitation of Christ." These illustrations, pure and pathetic in feeling, nobly and freely imagined, and in perfect harmony with the text, form a work of ingenuous love and the deepest poetry. The artist has put into it the best of his talent and his intellect. We also see here with pleasure his *Vierge au Baiser* well engraved by Melian.

The curious, stormy talent of Milcendeau seeks its bent in Spain and in Vendée. Clever but very unequal, he grasps the character of his figures strongly and sincerely, but he cannot yet group them into a coherent and effective composition. The *Interior (Vendée)*, and yet more the *Domestic Scene (Spanish types)* are admirable pieces of expression and execution; but they are awkwardly composed; the figures show no logical interdependence either in gesture, drawing or color. This artist must subordinate particular facts to more general truths. The views of the Pyrenees exhibited by Gaston Prunier are on the contrary remarkable for solidity of structure and a powerful sense of unity. Rich in color, closely observed as to

L. DUMOULIN.

*Normandy, Central panel of a triptych..*

- C'est le printemps des rats par les nites l'es
- Aux églises dans le vent, le d'ant
- Les d'clostamix, le l'ate pommer a mond
- Les sss l'ux saurges de p'etresses l'odes

SALON OF 1903.









A. DURST.

*Autumn Snow Saint-Vaast d'Equiqueville.*

SALON DE 1903.









M. JEFFREYS  
*The Last of Summer.*

SALON OF 1903.







effect, full of the atmosphere of solitude and wildness, the *Lac Gerbel* and the *Valley of Salana* are very striking works. They are soaked in mountain coolness, and brilliant with the deep resonant green and blue which glorify these heroic heights. They are indeed an all-sufficient answer to those who assert that mountain scenery cannot be painted; for M. Prunier shows us a great deal more than the scenery, he reveals the austere but beguiling savagery of silent tarns and velvet-toned cliffs.

I must also mention some landscapes by Prins; the *Views of the Luxembourg* by Gandara; the delicate figure-studies by Guignet and by Madame Jeanne Simon; some interesting pastels by Iwill; several cartoons for decorative purposes by Francis Jourdain; the water-colors by Mademoiselle Bütner, of Berlin, who has a spark of Menzel's wit; the *Banks of the Stream* by Borgex; the *Bavarian peasant*, by Borchard; a *Poster for a traveling show*, by Robert Besnard.

Houbron, with his views of Paris, London, etc. occupies a whole room. They are drawn with a brisk touch, perhaps a little thin, but which achieves harmony by minute penciling and great finish of detail. I would especially mention a *View of Pierrefonds*, very free in its effect and subtle in feeling.

In another room we find fifty-four etchings by Jeannot, the illustrations to "Adolphe," the famous novel by Benjamin-Constant. It would be impossible to express the tone of the time and of the sentiment more completely; the incisive artist has shown us all the calculations of selfishness and the frenzies of rage, the alternations of bitterness and of surrender, all the painful charm of that literary masterpiece of ruthless analysis. These illustrations are themselves a creation moulded on another, but how perfectly they interpret, and understand, and amplify the text! We have here attitudes of indifference and expressions of anguish which are tragical by sheer literal truth.

The illustrations by Louis Legrand to Edgar Poe's Tales are no less ingenious, nor less suited to the text. This able artist's weird



and rather Satanical spirit is exactly fitted to interpret the horrors of the "Black Cat", of the "Case of Mr. Waldemar" and of the "Maelstrom". Some other etchings of marked originality show this terrible satirist's knowledge of vice, and of human artifice, with his trenchant and biting humor.

The colored lithographs by Lunois — the *Novias of Cordova*, and a *Night at Seville*, are vividly strong and charming; and very original are the colored woodcuts by Jacques Beltrand, and the woodcuts (with a penknife) by Laboureur, especially *The Earthly Paradise*. Among the wood engravings by Paul Colin the illustrations to the "Almanach du Bibliophile" are noteworthy; and besides other engravings by Chalime there is a scene with wrestlers very amusingly studied.

Here are a dry-point etching by Ranft — *The Landing-place*; some etchings in color by Robbe — *The Lady with a print*, and *The Last new novel*; some by Osterlind — *The Scarf-Dance*; *The First Fine day* by Jacques Villon; the *Clara d'Ellébeuse*, by Francis Jourdain — enabling us to rank these artists with the keenest observers of the manners and sentiments of the day. I also note here Thaulow's *Sentinel* reproduced in an etching, which seems to me more mysterious and captivating than the original painting. By seizing in the very act the flourish of two musical conductors — Arturo Vigna of Monte Carlo and the master of the Guards' band in London — Renouard suggests with wonderful spirit the contrast of two nationalities, of the North and the South, of the phlegmatic steady stolidity of the Briton, and the vehement pantomime of the Italian. I conclude this incomplete review with a tribute to that admirable artist A. Lepère, as seen in his fine etching of *The Drinking place (Pont Marie)*, and a welcome to a débutante, Mademoiselle Margueritte, who shows great promise, freshness and intelligence in her *Branch of an Apple-tree*, and *Apples*, both delightfully true to nature.

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J. GEORGES-BERTRAND.

*The Obsequies of President Carnot.*

The representatives of the French people thank the representatives of foreign Powers for the homage they have paid to the memory of President Carnot.

SALON OF 1903.







J. V. CHELMINSKI.  
*The Retreat from Moscow.*

SALE ON JULY 1, 1903.









## SCULPTURE.



IN sculpture — but how can some sculpture be criticised apart from the structure to which it ought to belong, and with which it should harmonize in style and line, and without which it rarely has any meaning? The history of sculpture in the nineteenth century — and I see no reason for expecting it to be otherwise in the twentieth — is that of a few men of genius carrying on a painful and often tragical struggle against unfavorable circumstances, and the total misapprehension which is the result. The absence of all originality in architecture, and consequently of all architectonic style, placed our sculptors at flagrant disadvantage as compared with those of earlier ages — of antiquity, for instance, of the Renaissance, or even of the eighteenth century. Though a few eminent talents rose above the general dead level by sheer force of individual originality, they were unable to develop with any persistency and achievement. *The Marseillaise* and *The Dance* are isolated fragments, disconnected from all their surroundings. The Arc de Triomphe should have been given to Rude, the Opera House to Carpeaux, the Panthéon to Puvis de Chavannes; then we should have had in each a coherent whole, animated by one breath, conceived in one style. But distrust of a single mind, and the mania for subdividing every work into endless small commissions, were already the rule. Sculpture, thus turned adrift, had no solid foundation, and, having no organic scheme, no common law of being, it sometimes followed the fashion, and sometimes reverted to the antique. What, in the last century, did not men imitate? Egypt and Greece, Rome and Florence, till at last they came down to repeating Bernini, or to the platitude of spiritless realism and transcripts devoid of style. After Carpeaux, however, came Rodin's passion and learning to renew the vitality of the art. He restored to due honor the essential principles of which the neglect leads to the

absurdity of cast work, and of modeling in wax. But his stupendous creations, so full of primitive human sap, could find no place on our stiffly designed buildings, with their meagre, unbroken surface. They could not but scare the inventors of such lines, and we saw the case, probably unique, of a supreme decorative artist who was given nothing to decorate. However, neither his teaching nor his example will be lost. If that impassioned spirit, pensive and sorrowful, is his alone, the principles of his style — the generalization of the type, the fervid expression of the inner life and the synthetical treatment of the figure — are of universal application.

Though the Section of Sculpture in the National Society's Salon is not rich in great works, we feel a sort of thrill of gladness. The master indeed is absent this year, but his influence is everywhere felt. The human frame, full of plastic and vivid life, obeys the guidance of feeling and purpose. It lies prone, it stands, or assumes curves, in logical subservience to passion. These are not vacuous shapes, but will, affections and thoughts in action. The busts have none of the cold precision or vacant rigidity which suggests an embodied photograph. The soul looks through the eyes — thinking, longing, or dreaming, and we feel ourselves on affectionate or familiar terms with real people who reveal to us the best that is in them.

This sculpture is expressive because it is impassioned : this noble daring comes of true love. Only indifference and coldness are indecent; they are responsible for the commonest and most odious vice of contemporary art — irreverence to nature, the irreverence which is expressed in works of art by coarse sensuality, and in deeds by brutal exhibitions. From such vicious habits and degraded pleasures the soul emerges disgraced and stained. Admiration has its reserves and mystery. Like love, it

Seeks some deep retreat where beauty lies,  
The better hidden from the eye profane.

Let us at least keep a sanctuary where such base evil may not enter. In art, as in life, nothing can be more fatal than the severance

C. MEUNIER.  
*An old miner (bronze).*

SALON OF 1905.









J. LAMBEAU.  
*The Bitten Fawn (plaster group).*

SALON 01 1603









of sensation from sentiment. We here find art free but reverent, because it does not part the body from the soul that lives in it, from the elemental forces and eternal energies which pervade the universe, and which we alone can apprehend.

Is it not, for instance, this deep sympathy with life, and an intense interest in its simplest aspect, which strike us at once in the work of Constantin Meunier? His head of an *Old Miner*, the bones strongly framed, the skin tanned and wrinkled, wears an expression of tenacious power, the pride of long endurance, and the poetry of an obscure dream. I do not like the portrait of *Charles Cottet* nearly so well; it is too heavy, and gives a very inadequate idea of the rugged refinement of the painter or of the very peculiar outline of his head. The spirit and animation of the powerful limbs knit together in a well-composed group give remarkable energy to the *Bitten Fawn*, by Jef Lambeau, reminding us of the breadth and glow of flesh as modeled by Rubens and Jordaens. The group of *Danaïdes*, by J. Marin, clinging together in forlorn affection, mingling their tears and their tresses, also shows a refined sense of living form. To the Belgian school, again, healthy in its energy, we owe *Homage*, and a *Bust of Madame Paul Hymans*, by Samuel, besides capital busts by Lagae, firmly modeled and finely expressive.

French sculptors are distinguished by more nervous fervor and more curious study; they are perhaps less natural, but their passion is more thrilling and more penetrative. Bartholomé's tragic realism is seen in the bronze group of *The Dead Child*. The mother, wrecked with grief, holds up the lifeless infant as if in reproach to Heaven with very pathetic vehemence — a little forced perhaps. His *Girl bathing* is delightfully original and graceful. In his *Funeral Urn* I admire the bas-relief, happily inspired by the style of an Egyptian sarcophagus; but the bronze top is less satisfactory, the strong curves are out of keeping with the graver style of the base. *The Bacchantes with pipes*, by Injalbert, is a supple piece of work in marble, the lines well designed and the feeling rhythmic; *Two*

*Brothers*, by the same artist, are subtly different though so much alike.

Pierre Roche, in a number of works of marked individuality, shows liveliness of invention and technical mastery. The *Head of Saint-Just*, with his keen countenance, and haughty expression full of dogmatical conceit, is a truthful passage of history. His figures in lead of *Saint-Ives* and *Gwene 'Hlan*, have a legendary flavor, and some *Friezes* of processions of Knights, executed by the firm of Deck, show a clever and novel adaptation of the antique, reminding us of, but not imitating, the Renaissance. Not less lifelike are the works of A. Charpentier — statuettes, busts of children, and bronze plaques. A mask of *Beethoven*, by Bourdelle, modeled with vehement freedom, is very expressive of the martyr to genius who gives himself wholly to inspire mankind with enthusiasm and delight. His heads of *Girls laughing* show fawn-like mirth in oval faces of Lombard beauty. Dejean, whose modern figures please me better than his studies of the nude, has a smooth and delicate manner, broad, too, and fervid, and shows us the languid grace of *Sweet Idleness*, the spring of *A Bacchante*, and the alert repose of *A Girl reading*. Voulot is progressing and improving; his bas-relief in bronzed plaster, *A Pastoral Fête*, is full of ingenuous and charming detail, and with a fine feeling for Greek art shows great originality of invention. Desbois, in his *Woman drawing the bow*, a firm, wiry figure concentrated on the effort, and in an attitude which shows the balance and structure of the human frame, has given us a capital study of action in which beauty is the outcome of truth. His *Vase (Sirens)*, very soft in the modeling of the figures, has a touch of fancy with all its learning. We must also point out the heads by Escoula; the *Virgin and Child*, by Madame Besnard; the *Two Sisters*, masks in marble, by Fix-Masseau; and Halou's *Head of a Peasant Girl*.

The busts are almost all above the level of the common-place; generally they have beauty of expression or a strong stamp of character. Broadly treated in the modeling, they are effective and

A. BARTHOLOMÉ.  
*The dead child bronze*

SALON DE 1905









J.-A. INJALBERT

*Two Brothers terra-cotta group*

SALON OF 1905







L. DEJEAN.

*Sweet Idleness statuette in plated bronze*

SALON OF 1903.









strong, and under the play of light and shade the inner life seems to glimmer softly through. Two *Female Busts*, by Marcel-Jacques, attract us by their look of grave kindness; we see with pleasure a marble *Head of a Young Lady*, by Lucien Schnegg, of delightful purity and beauty, a direct inspiration from nature; and his *Study of a Child*, very firmly and fully modeled, is not less exquisite.

Boleslaw-Biegas exhibits a bronze *Bust of Metchnikoff*, very closely studied as to expression; the calm optimism of the philosopher gives delicate refinement to the gravity of the savant. A study of *A Woman*, leaning on her elbow, by France Raphael, though a little meagre and stunted, is admirable for the lively grace of the attitude, and the light and shade that lend poetry to the sweet face. The *Bust of Carpeaux*, by Fagel, has all the active, resolute movement which we look for in the keen interpreter of stirring life and modern beauty; but the weakened features have none of the rugged homeliness which the artist never lost, and I confess I should not have recognised him in this guise of "got-up" elegance.

Small sculpture, the sculpture of grace, is more and more in vogue every year; nor do I complain of this so long as it avoids two possible manners of failure — the insignificance of a mere toy, or the rough inaccuracy of a sketch. A great deal of art can be shown in these small objects; for instance, Gaston Schnegg's *Statuette* in wood; Wittmann's *Poverty-stricken* and *Field-laborers*; Talrit's *Resigned*; Van Gosen's *Bather*; *Little Troubles*, by Perelmagne; *Judith*, by Granet; and *The Spring*, by Madame de Giessendorf. In the first rank of this kind of work, I should place some statuettes in wood and silver, by Carbin, very sturdy and firm in style; *Reflection*, an ingenious invention of masterly execution, and *The World's Press*, presented to the late M. de Blowitz. *Glory*, a figure executed by Madame Cazin in memory of her husband, has the melancholy grace characteristic of this elegant artist herself and of the too soon departed master. *Calm*, by J. Michel Cazin, has the same quality.

Baffier exhibits a table-center, including a *Dish borne by Six Cooks as Caryatides*, and nothing can be better conceived than these stalwart Gauls, bearing their load with different, and all quite natural, attitudes of the head. In this way we have seen a variety given to the figures of mourners placed round a gothic monument.

The charming plaques, by Henri Nocq and by Wittig; the fanciful toys in the Japanese style, by de Feure; and the statuettes by Maillol, are all worthy of more than a mere mention. But space fails. Much ingenious taste, and a strong sense of life, with here and there a genuine passion, give good promise for the future, and are laying the road for a new departure. Exaggeration, or insipidity, the high-flown fancies of artists who do not think enough, the enigmas of those who think too much, the annoying platitude of too great realism — all the vices of decadence — have not intruded here. We are aware of a real effort at apprehension and earnest endeavor. Under the influence of a few choice spirits, noble ambitions are aroused, art is developing in harmony with the ideas of the age. That the work is on a small scale matters not, so long as mind informs the cold material, which, without mind, is indeed mere material. The value of a work of art is not measured by the square foot; and so much marble and bronze have been spoilt of late years, that a little spirit and feeling on a small scale is refreshing as a pleasing novelty.

It cannot be denied that French sculpture has for a good many years subsisted on old established ideas, and a time-honored reputation. But it would be a mistake to let it sleep on such imaginary laurels. If we were to review the latest works which are supposed to adorn our public spaces and squares, we should, I fear, find more reason for self-pity than for self-congratulation. The gulf would indeed yawn widely between the pomposity of official magniloquence and the simple truth whispered in our ear, which holds its own nevertheless. An epidemic of insipid sentimentality seems to have afflicted the brilliant but sober splendor of marble with a sort of

F. VOULOT.

*A Rustic Fête (tinted plaster bas-relief).*

SALON OF 1903.









J. ESCOULA.

*Palm Sunday (marble bust).*

SALON OF 1903.









L. FAGEL.

*Bust of Carpeaux plaster*

SAUCE OF 1965







anæmia. Those who would fain escape from this melting softness fall into unruly vehemence and extravagant gesticulation. We turn without any transition from the languishing graces of the minuet to the distorted energy of the dance in *Orphée aux Enfers*. White ghosts by the hundred are arranged before us, and writhe in some strange limbo with actions devoid of meaning, and faces devoid of intellect. Pallid phantoms as they are, we hardly know whence they have come. Their attitudes are all familiar; they only repeat the gestures which once had their day of success as the happy inspiration of an artist of genius. Since the monument was raised to Regnault, how many fair beings have offered palms to busts of the most widely different heroes! Since the bronze age, how many young men have awaked to a painful sense of life, their right hand raised and pressed to their brow!

And life is still going on, with all its various forms of expression, each gesture corresponding to an emotion or a passion. This is what should be seen and seized as it fleets by; its freedom is always expressive, its beauty always unexpected. But no; the rhetoric they have learnt by rote still fetters uninventive minds, and hearts devoid of passion or tenderness. The artist does not see the living being in his model, the stamp of individuality, character, and soul, the revelation of the mystery of universal life, and at the same time the logic of specialized forms. The model is but a machine to show the attitude, a passive creature to appear either as Sleep or as Dawn, as Messalina or as Eurydice. Mythology, which was once a living symbolism of the forces of nature, has shriveled to cold or elaborate allegory. Invention, thus having no care for the meaning of form, falls back on ingenuity of idea, and the explanatory label is by no means unnecessary to set forth the occult purpose of the artist. We must work back to simple things, things seen and felt, which alone can appeal to us. A work of art should be at once intelligible, and strike the eye and the intellect at first sight. A procession of horsemen or canephoræ were enough to delight the Athenians. The truth



of some familiar movement, the calm grace of an attitude which is full of the pure sense of life, will say more to us than any old world tragedies or ill-considered melodramas. Constantin Meunier has found magnificent expression, full of power and simplicity, in the life of the working-man; Rodin has given to his figures the perennial language of desire and passion.

Each period has its key, its mode of feeling, which finds expression in the costume, in the movement of the head, in the feeling in the face, and in the whole set of the limbs. Hence, no doubt, sculpture, a synthetic art, cannot enter into our manners generally, or an analysis of modern ways of life. But who will deny that the calm reserve of the attitude of a gothic statue — self-centered as it were — expresses the inner life and meaning of that period, just as plainly as the free, proud development of muscular vitality in a Greek statue expresses the life of antiquity in its deep harmony with nature? A school of sculpture cannot live without some general idea, some unity of conception that upholds its vitality. But for that we get mere bodies, mere undressed models, shivering nudity which is uncomfortably painful in its display. But I seem to discern the first stammering efforts of such purposeful thought, and this gives me hope. Greatly do I prefer these attempts, still tentative, still in the fetters of pedantry and theatrical formulas of which their uselessness is not the worst fault. At a period of transition we must not look for decisive work, and it is well that a fresh triumph over nature should be achieved by slow approaches and successive sieges. And for this reason the sculpture in the Exhibition of the National Society, though to many visitors it seems to make but a small show covering but little space, strikes me as remarkably living and full of movement in the depths.

MAURICE HAMEL.

CARABIN  
*Reflection in wood and silver*

SALON 1 1965







*Soup Tureen and Dish borne by six Butchers or Cooks ,  
and a pair of branched Candlesticks*









A.-J. LE DUC.

*Part of a monument commemorating the battle of Formigny,  
15th April 1450, plaster.*

Acquired by the British Museum from the artist, 1861.

SALON OF 1861











## SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS.

### PAINTING.



HERE are two ways of looking at an exhibition of paintings, or, to be precise, at the annual Salon, since the remark applies more particularly to the Salon.

The pleasures of the first class of visitors, alas! have for many years been unknown to me. They consist simply in wandering round, as a good-humored loungeur may, gazing at the pictures without troubling his head as to whether the critics allow or forbid him to admire or approve of this or that. A sightseer of this type finds great enjoyment, however, as genuine as it is artless. He laughs at pictures of comic invention, and is moved to pity or indignation by the presentment of pathetically dramatic subjects. Sometimes, indeed, so history has recorded, he finds himself laughing at works of art which are not at all intended to be funny, but then it is because in his opinion they are badly executed. He delights in pointing out the characteristic features of pictures of genre, and explaining to his wife and children the story

of an historical subject, occasionally expatiating on the course of contemporary events.

Landscapes interest him chiefly when he is familiar with some part of the country not unlike that set before him, and if he is so lucky as to know the very spot represented, the painter is sure to rise at once high in his esteem, and the name of the artist, even if obscure, will thenceforth dwell in one faithfully appreciative memory. On the other hand, swift and subtle effects, delicate presentments of atmosphere and light, which are not the subject of his ordinary observation as he takes his walks in the country, do not appeal to his sympathy, or even to his comprehension. To him grass is green, the soil is brown, the sky blue, and whatever else the artist may discern or feel scarcely concerns him.

Again, the nude does not rivet his attention, unless under special conditions, and it not unfrequently shocks his sense of propriety a little, or vaguely disturbs him. But the portraits are an endless source of reflection and amusement. Those of famous personages or political magnates absorb his most careful attention; he mentally compares them with the original if he has happened ever to see him, or with the immutable idea he has formed of him; and it is generally in this last case that he most unhesitatingly pronounces the likeness to be good or bad. He is ardently captivated by certain unknown faces, and sternly critical of persons whose countenance fails to please him, severely condemning them for their audacious pride in being painted and exhibited. Finally, one of the greatest joys indulged in by our artless friend and his young family is to trace a resemblance between certain portraits on the walls and some friends or relations of their own.

Well, it is a great satisfaction to be able to enjoy all these impressions while visiting the Salon, and for my part, as I look back on my childhood and youth, I have more than once bitterly regretted my inability to revive these pleasures since I have been under the necessity of looking at the year's art in the second of the two ways.

H.-J. HARPIGNIES.

*Banks of the Allier.*

Etching by G. Giren

SALON C. 1903.







1891





E.-B. DEBAT-PONSAN.  
*Herds leaving the common pasture land.*

SALON OF 1903.







This way is a quite distinct thing, relative but independent; it consists in contemplating the works on the walls with a view to writing about them, and telling the public which they must look at, which they ought to admire, and which they may pass by. This necessitates a consideration of how the thing is done, and judging the works by the standard of certain principles which are themselves still a matter of discussion between the best qualified critics, as they have been for very many years, ever since criticism has existed, that is to say as long as there have been exhibitions. Forthwith all enjoyment gives way to the most tiresome and onerous task-work. Each painting must be looked at separately, and attentively studied even when it is least attractive. The vast number of pictures, which is in itself a matter for rejoicing to our genial friend the mere idler, since it affords a greater variety for him to choose from according to his unguided or misguided fancy, is to the critic an anxiety as well as a weariness. This year there are no less than seventeen hundred and eighty-six oil-pictures alone, to say nothing of other forms of artistic expression! What a responsibility to overlook nothing worthy of notice, but what a task to examine them all! And then the mere difficulty of finding words to describe and qualify them all! The technical terms, the cant of criticism that buzz in one's brain and flow from one's pen, even in spite of one's aversion! I can assure you that the man whose mission it is to look at pictures in order to add a few words of comment to the pretty reproductions set before you in these pages, is really to be pitied. But you can say, to be sure, that it is his own concern, and that he had only to restrict himself to the idler's point of view.

That, in fact, is what I shall endeavor to do, trying to avoid criticism as far as may be, merely looking at the "picture-book" with the reader—and this is as pleasant a pastime as any that has yet been invented.

Pascal, we know, railed at the "vanity of painting," which leads us to admire things we should never admire in real life; but in vain,



the charm of the image is perennial, and the reasons adduced by Pascal as adverse to it, plead in its favor.

What, indeed, would Pascal say, and all the men of his time, if they could see a modern Salon? They would not understand it in the least. They could not enter into the taste of our day, so different from that of their own time. They would care not at all for the scenes from the life of country toilers, of the working-men, miners, iron-workers, laborers, of what are now known as the humbler classes. But we, in our day, are bound to care for them intensely, and evidently do, since this is the kind of subject which chiefly abounds in our annual exhibitions. Is there really so great a demand on the part of the public for cottage interiors and studies of life in Brittany? Or is it that the painters endeavor to convince us that nothing is more worthy of our attention, because they are what comes most readily to hand? Be this as it may, paintings of common life and rustic scenes are every year proportionately more numerous, while heroic scenes, and dignified romantic or historical subjects, formerly the mainstay of the exhibitions, are now found only as exceptional specimens, as we shall perceive in the course of our brief review of both classes of works.

For the satisfaction of Pascal and the painters we can at least have the grace to select first, from among the pictures of daily life, those which have some connection with religion and the religious life. There are some to be seen here, and they are, as a rule, well worthy of our consideration.

The most interesting generally will be that by M. Joseph Bail, *Benedicite : Saying Grace (the Sisters of the Asylum at Beaune)*. A fine old building is the Asylum at Beaune. The atmosphere of mediævalism survives there in the unspoilt structure as though by some special grace. As we tread its hall, its cloister, its courts, we could fancy that we had lost our way in some vast illuminated pages, embodied miniatures by Fouquet. The life that reigns there is singularly rare and calm; both in its intensity of pious feeling

J. BAIL.

BENEFICAR *Sisters of the Asylum at Beaune.*

SAISON OF 1905.







TONY ROBERT-FLEURY.  
*In the days of the Revolution.*

SALON OF 1903.









G. CLAIRIN.  
*La Fête des Masques.*

SALON OF 1903





*G. L. Fairie*  
1903





and its beauty of placid existence, we might almost say as a work of art, the Asylum at Beaune is not inferior to the more famous hospital of St. John at Bruges. There are here, indeed, some very good early pictures, which might almost hold their own by the side of the famous Memlincs. We are not surprised that this interesting old-world place should have seemed inviting to artists, the only real wonder is that it has not been painted more often. M. Bail is therefore to be congratulated on his choice of a subject; he has brought to it his usual careful and painstaking attention and capital methods of brushwork; indeed, on the whole his picture, after due consideration, seems to me one of the best in the Exhibition. But though he has admirably expressed the serenity of the secluded life, he has failed to render its bright and peaceful gladness. He has pitched the picture in a very gloomy, and it must be said, a very artificial key. The scene is no doubt laid at Beaune, since the costume of the Sisters and the refectory where they have assembled are painted from accurate studies on the spot; but the atmosphere is that of the place where the artist's figures are usually found, whether making lace, pickling gherkins, or engaged in similar household occupation.

Again, the white in this brown and white picture has a yellowish or even tawny tone, whereas, in reality, the dignified costume worn by these Sisters is brilliant and pure in color. The execution throughout is a little labored and uncertain. These would seem to be rather serious limitations to the praise we otherwise gladly give; and it will be more unqualified from many other admirers of the work, for M. Joseph Bail is an established favorite, and has earned his position by long and conscientious effort.

The artistic method is certainly less attractive, and the color far less pleasing, in another picture of the same character in its relation to mystical ideas; but the feeling of it is wonderfully more intense. This is the painting of *Reading the Bible*, by M. Dierckx. The scene is laid boldly in a humble peasant home. The heads are homely,

coarse and rough; the picture is harmonized to a key-note of dark blue, the color of laborers' blouses. The picture has no inviting charm for the eye, but it is marvelously true. There is one head especially, that of the father of the family, the features rough-hewn, as the phrase goes, which expresses the deepest attention and faith. In this picture we have simply and truly the "thing seen." Such a man is the descendant of heroes or fanatics, we could almost name them; he, like them, would be ready on occasion to repeat their achievements, and all his stalwart family, we feel, would unhesitatingly obey his call. This is a capital work though rather over-large, and does great honor to the stern and vigorous modern Flemish school.

Another subject of spiritual import, the one perhaps, in all the exhibition that is most genuinely emotional, is the *Viaticum*, by M. Emile Renard. A nun is dying in a Benedictine cell, a monk in his priestly habit is bringing her the Sacrament. Two other Sisters are tenderly and devoutly supporting their companion, a fourth is seen praying a little in the background, in the shadow. The way the light is distributed in this picture is at once mysterious and truthful. The beauty of expression is not merely in the faces, but quite as much in the gestures of the figures and in the whole atmosphere of the picture, which is firmly and delicately painted. Though quite different in its conception and idea, this work recalls to mind the famous picture by Philippe de Champaigne; *Mother Angélique Arnauld*; and in these days it is no small achievement to be able even to remind us of such a great work. This *Viaticum* does M. Emile Renard the greatest honor, for we see that the artist has felt and expressed a genuine emotion, and this, as we shall find, is only too rare among the thousand painters who exhibit here.

There are yet more pictures of kindred subjects but treated in a lighter and more pleasing vein as genre or anecdote. The most successful are the following: M. Georges Claude's transcript of a

G. CLAUDE.  
*Corpus Christi Day*

SALON 7 1903













A. STRUYS  
*The Old Lace-maker of Malines*

SALON OF 1903







W.-A. BOUGUEREAU.  
*The Wave.*

SAISON OF 1905.







Lippa 9th, 1903 by E. van der Grinten & Co.



*Procession of Benedictines (Corpus Christi day)*, very truthful and pictorial and a soundly painted little picture; Madame de Wentworth's *Solitude*, a nun in white, walking in lonely meditation in a convent garden; M. Emile Adam has painted two Sisters absorbed in the task of embroidering a chasuble, and has very subtly rendered the almost imperceptible expression of the pride and satisfaction they feel in their work. M. Van Hollebeke is fond of studying a village priest in his garden, and though we have seen him before, the good man, saying grace before his frugal and solitary meal under a tree, is not unattractive. M. Pharaon de Winter has depicted the *Children of Mary* with much grace and simplicity, and he has done full justice to the value of pure white, which M. Bail, in his *Benedicite*, has treated in such a subdued manner, working it down almost to dull yellow. Thus we have here two typical examples of the way in which the same impression, simple enough in its elements, may be rendered by two minds diametrically unlike. And to conclude this list of more or less mystical pictures, shall I introduce you to the comic cardinals and facetiously hilarious priests who are an unfailing element in every Salon, inevitable it would seem, since they appear every year with extraordinary persistence, and not less extraordinary monotony? No, you think not? Well they are made for the trade, no doubt, though I confess I have always wondered who the customers can be.

As a transition from mystical to rural life we shall do better to turn our attention to M. Struys' very charming picture of *The famous lace-maker at Malines*. We spoke just now of the capital contemporary Flemish school. M. Alexandre Struys is one of its most sincere and energetic members, and this is one of his best and most learned works. Take it for all in all it is perhaps the soundest and most masterly painting in the whole Exhibition. M. Struys has depicted a priest paying a visit to an old working-woman, the famous lace-maker. In her shabby, dark gown and blue apron, with her wrinkled features, the aged craftswoman is

very modest, very humble. At the same time we see that she is not ill pleased with the appreciative praise of her reverend visitor, who is attentively watching the pillow with its tangle of threads and hanging bobbins. Through the window of the humble room we see the splendid spire, the vast and elaborate tower of the cathedral of the curious little old city of Malines, and part of a street with red-tiled roofs, all in full light of bright sunshine. This is indeed a fine picture, a really choice and precious work, the outcome of the best traditions of Flemish art. M. Struys' precursors would no doubt have treated the subject on a smaller and more concentrated scale; but even as it is we have not the preposterous exaggeration of size which induces so many of our painters to take a canvas yards long for the presentment of some utterly common subject: navvies digging and shoveling, or a costermonger selling cabbages. And the execution of this picture is at once so careful and so full that any criticism as to its size is out of place, since the canvas is so admirably filled that we can but regard it as a masterpiece.

I do not know whether foreigners find as much to delight them in our paintings of the same class as we find in theirs, as for instance in this by M. Struys. But they certainly have transcribed various scenes of daily life, costume and manners in a way so far above the average that they cannot be passed over in silence. Nothing of this class, for instance, can be more curious or more interesting than M. Nico Jungmann's picture of a *Procession of Dutch Pilgrims; Kevelaar (Volendam)*. This is a long panel with several figures executed with ingenuous preraphaelite care, and a really delightful medley of bright colors. Here we have evidently a way of seeing Holland that is widely different from that which has made M. Israels famous. But it cannot be denied that when we wander about the curious world known as Edam, Volendam and the Island of Marken, the people and their surroundings have quite the appearance of toys; we are infinitely amused as we gaze at

PENOTT LEVY  
*Evening near Amsterdam*









A. PINTO.

*peasant home; Lower Brittany.*

SALON OF 1903.









M<sup>rs</sup> C.-H. DUFAU.

*The Roaring Waves.*

SAISON OF 1003







the details, and, as in M. Nico Jungmann's picture, we are delighted with their quaint puerility and the drollery of it all, as sharply defined as if they were stamped out with a punch. Holland thus sincerely painted by a Dutchman is more curious, and we may frankly say more truthful, than in the works of the best artists who go to depict it with the preconceptions of the studio.

It would be difficult for instance to show more talent, or a finer sense of glowing harmony than M. Wéry puts into his view of a canal, on the bank of which some little Dutch boys are playing. But I am so keenly aware of a French accent, of the style of the Salon, and of a wish, unconscious no doubt, to produce a picture for the French taste, that I cannot regard this picture of *The Little Ones* as a really Dutch work. However, it is a good picture, and closer to Holland than *The Housewives* and the other study by M. Camoreyt. He has seen nothing but a strange tone of green, the green of Zaandam, and the reflections in the water. But it is very heavily painted; moreover, clouds amalgamate much more harmoniously in that country, or, on the other hand, when they are bright they are pitched in a sharper key; but this again is a really praiseworthy effort.

But bless me! how many Dutch pictures we have here that are by no means so Dutch as they would seem. Holland and Brittany are evidently the only places of which the painters of the day have ever heard. I may mention among the best *The Dutch Tavern*, and a *Dutch Interior* by M. Max Silbert; and *Evening in Holland*, near Amsterdam, by M. Benoît-Lévy; but there are plenty more.

As to Brittany, the only puzzle is to make a choice, and yet, among the whole collection, it would be difficult perhaps to find a single subject or a single landscape with any stamp of novelty. We must be satisfied merely to glance as we pass at the endless array of market-places, *Pardons*, fishing subjects, and the rest, by MM. Trigoulet, Guillon, and Deyrolle; Fanty-Lescure, who at least



records an amusing little incident in the *Travelling Artist*, a poor vagabond craftsman, an artless painter who decorates the humblest cottages as he goes his rounds; Granchi-Taylor, Grégoire, and Mademoiselle Jeanne Barbey, with her little *Interior*. Then, to have done with Armorica, I would especially commend the very good picture of a *Young Girl of Roscoff*, by Mademoiselle Marguerite Delorme. Finally two interiors by M. Alexis Vollon are capitally painted, and show considerable progress in this painter's methods.

The special accent, penetrating and mordant, which is essential to a good study of life and manners and distinguishes it from the common run of Salon pictures—a note which we seem to find in some paintings by foreigners and which gives value to the old Dutch and Flemish masters' studies of rustic life, is to be found this year in two little works by M. Victor Bourgeois, which deserve a place by themselves. They are modestly hidden among more ambitious attempts; they must be carefully looked for, and found with some difficulty, for their low, almost sombre, tone is not such as insists on being seen. One is the *Fisherman's Return*, the other an *Old Peasant Woman*, lost in thought. The second especially is most remarkable. An old woman is seen in a garden; she has laid her distaff by her side, and meditates in prayer. We have here a power of expression and solidity of execution that are far from common; and perhaps a faint trace of bitterness and irony, such as we fancied we could detect in a former work by M. V. Bourgeois—a picture of field-labor, rather too big but with a characteristic accent. He is perhaps an artist worth keeping an eye on; at any rate make a note of his name.

This peculiar incisive and ironical sentiment, just a little satirical, is better expressed in small paintings of genre than in large rhetorical pictures, where the everlasting workman out of work sits idle on the everlasting bench. Nothing indeed can be sadder than certain forms of misery; still, nothing can be more theatrical than certain manners of depicting them. And we cannot but wonder

H.-D. ETCHEVERRY.

*Delirium.*

SALON OF 1905.







M<sup>me</sup> VALLET-BISSON.

*Going out*

SALON OF 1903









that an artist of M. Adler's quality should have expended so much good work on so large a scale, to represent a scene so perennially familiar. His *Bench* tells us nothing new, after the series of "Benches" set before us by M. Besson and many another besides. His *Nocturne*, the study of an old vagabond, though firmer in style, is not more original. M. Adler can and should do much better things than these.

No contrast, I suppose, can be imagined greater than that between these studies of the laboring classes and the pictures of fashionable life exhibited by some of our artists. The contrast is too common. Some painters have treated it in companion pictures, as, for instance, M. Duez, whose two figures some time ago made such a sensation. However, we must accept the contrast as we find it, and look at it with the eyes of the Sunday idler of whom I expressed my envy at the beginning of these remarks. In the class of graceful, elegant, fashionable subjects, few pictures this year are more successful than the *Young Girls' Dance (Le Bal blanc)* by M. Avy. It is reminiscent, to be sure, of that by Prinnet, which our readers cannot have forgotten; but it is so pleasing in execution, at once so bright and so delicate in color, in short it is so full of attractive qualities, that the artist must not be too severely blamed for the resemblance—indeed, the subject is a tempting one for any artist—or even for the size of his canvas, though the scale is altogether too large for a picture of genre.

This accusation, which we refrain from bringing against M. Avy, must, however, attach to M. Etcheverry, whose picture called *Delirium* is out of all proportion to such an incident. That in an evening party, a gentleman should bend over a lady who, like a Galatea, has fled—not indeed to a willow copse, but to a dimly lighted room, and that the said gentleman and lady should be attacked by *Delirium* of so tender a nature, though of the most strictly discreet character, is a thing that happens every evening, we might say, in the season when balls are given. But is it worth

while to devote a large canvas to a black evening coat, a gown, and a gilt sofa? Frankly I do not think so, and perhaps M. Etcheverry himself was not very sure of it. But he had to discover "Society." Well, he has done so, and he is too clever to persist in pursuing his studies in a region so thoroughly explored. All that can be needed for recording such pleasing incidents of the life of the day is a small canvas, like those of M. Bréauté, or, in a more domestic vein, of M. Albert Thomas.

M. Rieder and M. Victor Lecomte make it their specialty to show us such interiors under the artificial light of lamps. They succeed admirably, and I must once more point out to the reader their pretty little pictures, perfect in their way.

M. Raymond Woog has at least hit upon a new idea, carefully studied, in his picture of *Mercenary Affection*. He, again, must be honestly warned that his picture is rather too big, and that the really fine qualities as a painter which he reveals in it would have shown to greater advantage if he had condensed them into a smaller space. Still, even as it is, the subject is a pleasing one, of the young woman who gives her child a parting glance though paying more attention to the set of her hat, while the nurse, in her professional costume, has far more of the manner of a mother to the baby than the real mother has. M. Raymond Woog is one of the painters of the future; the accessories of this picture sufficiently prove it.

Another scene of fashionable life, but different in character, is given by M. Heyerdahl in his picture of *An Avowal*. It puzzled the critics a little on their rounds at the private view, and no doubt it will no less puzzle the public. These two people, as large as life, belong perhaps to the family of Ibsen; but what may be interesting or even agitating when spoken, is apt to be heavy and insistent in the rigidity of form and color. The gentleman certainly does not look very happy, though he has not allowed his cigarette to go out, an indication of a truly northern phleg-

J.-J. DE SOUZA-PINTO

*Washerwomen.*

SALON OF 1905









J. WAGREZ.  
*Venice in the XV<sup>th</sup> century.*

SALON OF 1905









matic temper; the lady looks at him out of the corner of her eye, after having made, I suppose, the confession which has annoyed him; she seems rather to be laughing at her consort, or waiting till the storm shall be over. This is the interpretation of the picture accepted by many people. But as the title is in itself ambiguous, perhaps we have, in this Scandinavian scene, painted by an artist of great and noble talent, merely a declaration of love. At any rate the gentleman has kept his cigarette burning. That is the only certain fact in the whole picture.

By way of pictures of manners we have yet to mention a *Scotch Interior* ("Bairnies cuddle doon"), by Mr. Hutchison, the mother bending over a bed in which two or three babies are sleeping—a picture of very refined effect in lighting, and admirably painted; the *Little Marionnettes* and the *Paris Dressmakers* by M. Chayllery, the second especially a capital little picture, bright, cheerful in color, and full of individuality, which add more unpretentious and excellent work to the credit of a pleasing artist; the small studies of children by M. Degrave, always original in his treatment; the little *Scene in Provence* and *Mass in Brittany* by M. Guillonnet; *Music-lovers*, the *Promenade Gallery*, *Concert Lamoureux*, a very large and curious picture by M. Gumery, who combines highly intelligent powers of observation with almost intolerably discordant coloring, arising from the artist's ambition to achieve extremely complex effects of light, real no doubt, but most difficult to produce in a single picture, especially when the painter aims at doing it without sacrificing anything; the *Good Old Fellows* by M. Armand Lejeune, two typical old heads, honestly studied and painted; M. Sorolla y Bastida's two pictures: *Drying Raisins*, a small work of amazing cleverness; and a scene in a boat: *After the Bath*, clever too, but rather empty; *Women thinning Grapes*, a conscientious piece of work by M. Frank Bail with some still-life accessories capitally painted; and the two pretty little pictures by M. Souza-Pinto: *Washerwomen*, and *Evening*, both very dainty.

Is M. Cavalleri's *Whirlwind*, a work of imagination or a study from life? It represents a procession of girls in white, buffeted and scattered by a gale. Whichever it may be, it is an attractive example of contemporary Italian art, and, though lacking greatness, has much refinement and sensitive grace.

M. Albert Maignan, in the *End of the Day, Mines by the Loire*, has not aimed at producing a pleasing picture. He meant to give a sense of great energy, and show that he could paint a picture of modern life in all its power. The attempt was praiseworthy, but not wholly successful. In the first place, the subject is too familiar, dating from the period, already somewhat remote, of studies of toil, and views of wharfs and work-yards. But what too conspicuously dates this work is the treatment of the scene. Also the painter had to face a comparison with powerful memories of works of the same kind by M. Constantin Meunier, and it would be difficult to compete with the Flemish painter in the power of giving such a sense of concentrated force, such typical details and such an emotional atmosphere as he has given to his studies of "Borinage," the most poignant poems in prose ever produced on this theme, or likely to be for some time to come. Also M. Albert Maignan seems to have cared more for the motive of his painting than for its accomplishment. Hence we have a picture, true enough in color, but lacking character. M. Louis Roger has sent from Rome and re-exhibited here a large picture called *History*, laborers employed in excavating in the Roman Campagna — far more dignified in feeling, but unfortunately gloomy in tone.

Mademoiselle Hélène Dufau, again, has tried to paint real life in a *Game of Pelote* (played with racket and ball) in the Basque country. The composition, longer than it is high, is full of figures, amusing and truthful in general effect. The Basque type is well studied, and cleverly noted without exaggeration; a group of women in the foreground, especially, has the characteristic stamp of this remarkable artist. But does she after all regard it as an impor-

A-P.-R. MIGNAN  
*End of the Day — Mines by the Lake*

SATO, OF 1905









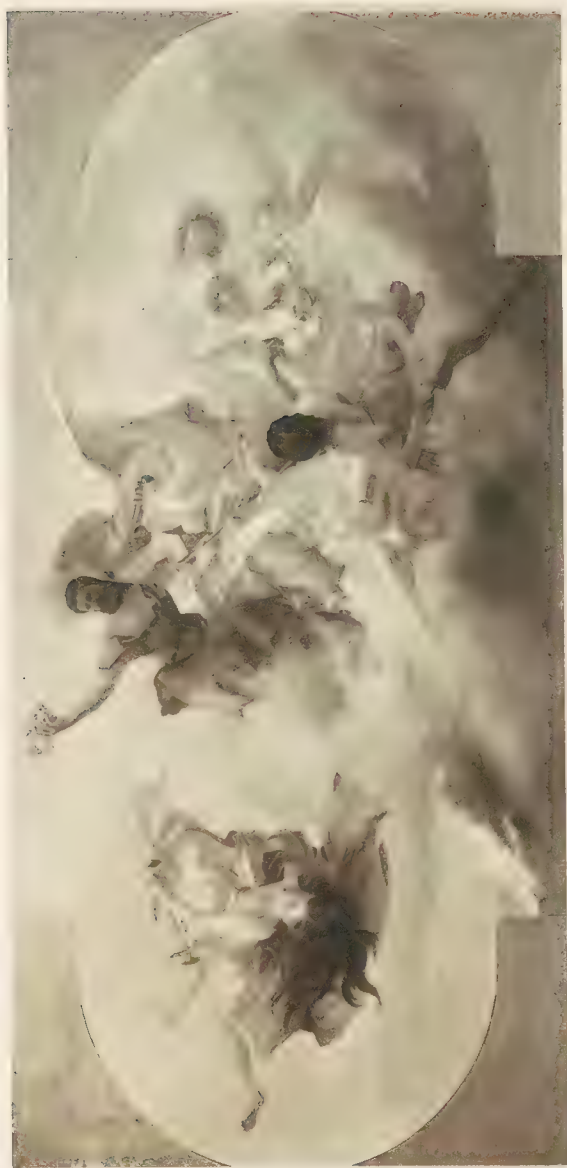


H. COURSELLES-DUMONT

*Labor crowning Art: — for the ceiling of the Hôtel de Ville of Asnières-sur-Seine.*

SALON OF 1903.







tant effort? Probably not. The landscape at any rate is quite successful.

For a study of low life M. Zier's *Searching the Prisoner* is low life indeed; but though it is too like a large illustration, it is cleverly treated and will not be overlooked. The stalwart wench who submits with insolent indifference to being searched by the woman whose duty it is, and who conceals under bravado her rage at the discovery of the stolen jewels she had concealed about her person, is a typical Parisian, and, after all, better a true type, however vulgar, than twenty types of conventional propriety. Besides, we are not here only to amuse ourselves by staring at pictures. For this reason M. Zier's coarse, squalid hussy is to me much more interesting, so far as its pictorial merits are concerned, than M. Quinsac's grimacing *Carmen*. Such a Spanish woman never existed anywhere unless at the Opéra-Comique,—no, and not even there.

There are plenty more studies of life to look at and discuss. But other classes of subjects are waiting, and I am compelled merely to give a list, and a long one, of those who this year have best succeeded in painting pictures of genre, of character, or of manners. These are Checa, Marcel Bain, Bellemont, Coulter, Porcheron, Devambez, Claude Firmin, d'Estienne, Brispot, Caucaunier, Jimenez, Bérout (I allude only to his *Interior of the Louvre*), Fraipont, Besson, Charpin, Denet, Agreda, Cresswell, Guinier, V. Gilbert, Darien, Dickson, Fournier, Gelhay, Grau, Gueldry, Gourdault, Decamps, Gibbs, Lobrichon, Borough Johnson, Letourneau, Stephen Jacob, Lemeunier, Mayet, Richard Muller, A. Lambert, Mezquita, Thurner, Matet, Paul Leroy, Malhoa, Robbi, Fernandès, Najera, Jean Thirion, Perlmutter, Saubès, Alizard, Orchardson, Schwarzenwald, Chabannes la Palice, Bellan, Swieykowski, Troncy, Synave, Lobel-Riche, Selmy, Alberti, Alcala Galliano, Sawe, Cayron, Palin, Coëylas, Brugairolles, and among the ladies Mesdames Susan Watkins, Lovering, Lucas-Robiquet, Klumpke, Desportes, Demanche, Herland, and Charlotte Chauchet.



In this category of pictures I ought also to have mentioned a great number of studies of exotic manners — Arab, Oriental and the like, since there are not enough of these this year to constitute a separate class. In fact, the only representative examples are the curious picture by M. Fraipont : *A Theatre in Annam*, a little weak in drawing but interesting; and two little things by M. Gérôme, which, on the contrary, are accuracy itself. His *Sermon in a Mosque* is one of those minutely elaborate and curious paintings which are more satisfactory than those in which the painter disports himself in allegory or pure fancy, for in these his quality of inexorable finish is an antithesis and hindrance to his imagination. In this *Sermon* the costumes, the attitudes, the aspect of the walls with their casing of bright tiles, all are crisp and painted to perfection. At the same time I take far greater pleasure in the other little picture : *View of Medinet-el-Fayum, Upper Egypt*, which combines with the landscape a study of human interest. The blue key in which it is painted is soft and restful, and nothing can be more pleasing than the little groups of women scattered here and there, some going to fetch water in their huge jars of Biblical shape, as I may say, and others idly pausing to chat and gossip. The scene gives one an impression of retrospection on a past existence, for we feel—and M. Gérôme has perfectly expressed the feeling—that the landscape and the people have not changed for centuries. A similar spirit pervades a picture by Mr. Weeks : *The Princess of Bengal receiving the Prince of Persia*. Under the guise of representing a scene from the Arabian Nights Mr. Weeks has evidently set before us a real place and real people, derived from his experience in his travels in Asia, and this is exactly what makes the charm as well as the truth of the scene.

This picture will serve as a transition from paintings of manners in the stricter sense to that which presents us with a mixture in various and very unequal proportions of reality with fancy, of the

J.-L. GÉROME.  
*Medinet-el-Fayum (Upper Egypt).*

SALON OF 1905







I DESVARREUX-LARPENTEUR

*La Chénaie Yonne*

SALON DE 1903









types of the present day with the costume and life of another period, or of no period at all. This is a genre quite peculiar to contemporary art, nay, to be exact, to the annual French Salon. It is hard to guess what posterity will find to say to these pleasing but artificial works. Only a Rembrandt or a Watteau can defy the assaults of time with this medley of the real and the unreal. The thing which in my opinion will stamp the inferiority of some brilliant and famous painters of genre, in spite of their contemporary success, is the fact that their figures are *dressed up*, whereas with the stupendous artists I have named the costumes and the figures alike are of no precise date, and harmonize perfectly with each other.

But to set aside such graver considerations and turn to the most interesting of these works, the most pathetic or the newest of the harvest of 1903, there is nothing better in the whole collection than the *Masquerade*, by M. Zo; *The Muse of Poverty*, by M. Danguy; *Harmony*, by M. L. A. Leclerc; and *Dead?*, by M. L. O. Merson.

M. Zo's *Masquerade* is a cheerful scene, joyous in the sense in which Banville used the word when he called a volume of verse "*Trente-six ballades joyeuses*;" it aims at spirit in the painting, and swing in the movement. These ladies in flowing robes, puzzling their bewildered interlocutors and partners, these black boys bearing trains, and frightened at the antics of the people of fashion, all the whirl of fun and clatter is admirably expressed in the lines, and satisfies the eye by a sober play of color. M. Clairin exhibits a picture in the same manner: *A Masked Fête*, which is pleasing for the same qualities. M. Hippolyte-Lucas, in a similar vein, with his picture called an *Adventure*, is of the same race; and so is M. Triquet, with his *Servant-Girl*, a very charming waitress carrying a tray of refreshments.

Quite different in spirit are the pictures by M. Danguy and M. L. A. Leclercq, for though they are indeed fanciful, the fancy

is in a melancholy vein. M. Danguy's *Muse of Poverty* is a piece of pathetic grace that is singularly touching and appealing. We see a poor girl with a simple, gentle face, dressed in a long gown of a sort of grey stuff. Perhaps she is singing some plaintive and tuneful strain; at any rate she sits dreaming in the cruel and silent stony landscape, with a background of poverty-stricken houses. The sentiment is nobly human. It is sorrowful with no touch of declamation. It goes to the heart without making any vehement appeal. This sad little *Muse* reminds us a little of Chavannes' *Hope*, though the work is quite original; but *Hope* at least held the budding bough. The *Muse* has nothing in her work-hardened hands; she is the Muse of Resignation. M. L. A. Leclercq, a very careful and refined painter, with some curiously artless touches, always shrouds his pictures in melancholy. His *Harmony* this year is one of the most important things he has done: some children in a sort of park, singing to a piano, a woman listening to them, and another child who clings to her lovingly—these are the elements of a picture which is both bright and sad, worked up as far as possible and very complex, but at the same time very simple and sweet in effect.

The question mark added by M. Luc-Olivier Merson to the title of his picture shows that he did not intend to represent sheer negation or utter despair. Justice and Truth lie prostrate on the ground, in sorry plight and severely handled. But they are for ever being stabbed; they are accustomed to it. They are very often killed but as often come to life again, and so the title is *Dead?* with a query. And the tiny figures, bloodless and pale, represented by M. Merson with a fine and careful brush, are like the incarnation of a poet's dream, faint and timid.

Mr. G. Scott, without aiming at expressing any particular idea, has been most happily inspired in his *Gardens in Spain*. Among the marble architecture and leafy trees of Seville he shows us, in the twilight, a figure of a woman of Paris beautifully dressed;



J.-C. DANGUY.  
*The Muse of Poverty*

SALON OF 1903











E. MAXENCE  
*Evening Calm*

SALON OF 1903









J. PATRICOT.

*Portrait of Albert Dürer, after Albert Dürer*

Etching belonging to the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts."

SALON OF 1903.







and for my part I seem to see in this pretty picture, more allegorical than many an allegory, the image of youth rising up from the past — the past which is living still and perpetuates itself.

What after these few examples can I find to tell you about in the works of genre or of fancy? I might name those of M. Ridel, but that they are always conceived, again and again, in the same vein of feeling and the same key of harmonies. M. Maxence, while seeming to produce works of the same kind as in former years, will illustrate what I mean by this reserve. He indulges his taste for certain periods of costume and certain characteristic heads; but the whole spirit and tone are somehow quite new. His *Evening Calm* is a happy variation in the theme he chose long since and constantly works upon. We may also note that among the pastels will be found two studies of peasants by M. Maxence which lead us to wish that we may some day see him produce a work dealing more directly with real life. He would certainly lend it the charm of poetry. There is a great deal of refinement and daintiness in the large picture by M. Paul Chabas, *The Little Fairies*; still, though the effect is different, it too strongly reminds us in arrangement and general feeling of others in the same category exhibited ere now by the same painter. He too might seek new subjects; it would be very good for him, and for us as well.

In the course of our wandering we shall have lingered with pleasure to look at two little sketches — visiting cards let us say — by M. Cormon: *The Artists' Ball* ("*Bal des Quat'Zarts*"), and *The Temptation of St. Anthony*; at the *Worshippers at a Pardon* by M. Saccagi, who might be an Italian Maxence; at the beautiful dream-like bust by M. Antonin Mercié, who would seem to have been inspired by Balzac's tale of the "Unknown Masterpiece;" at M. Séon's *Icarus*, a figure nobly conceived and severe in style; at the slender and admirably drawn *Helia* by M. Jules Lefebvre; at the pleasing composition by Mr. Kennington, a sort of mythological



vision with the title of *Serena*; at the fairy tale, or mediæval legend, which Mr. John da Costa calls *Una* (he perhaps means *Sola*) an exceedingly well painted picture; and at the *Flagmaker* by Mr. Joy, rather larger than it should be for a subject of the kind, but as usual marked by fine qualities. Though I must here mention the two pictures exhibited by M. Gervais, *The Adviser*, and *The Navy of the Past*, it is not to praise them unreservedly, for the first is a study of the nude which, notwithstanding its suavity of form, is decidedly lacking in distinction; and the second is a retrospective fancy, hard in quality and incoherent. On the other hand I think visitors to the Salon will have found something to please them in the contributions of MM. Artigue, Foubert, Wagrez, Guinier, Thiérot, Adrien Demont, Glaize, Ehrmann, Hitchcock, Numa Gillet, Green, J. Girardet, Detti, J. Benner, Thomson, Weiss, and Atalaya, and of Made-moiselle Elisabeth Sonrel.

It is but a short step from pictures of anecdote and costume to historical paintings, named and dated. It is observable that contemporary history comes more and more to the front in this class of work, and though it has supplied several painters with subjects for pictures too vast to be kept, it will also leave some works of considerable interest. This year there are two in particular, very conscientiously executed and creditably accurate in detail. One is *The Conference at the Hague*, by M. Danger, with a great many portraits of diplomatic personages; and the other, more especially interesting, is by M. André Brouillet: a large painting representing *Jules Ferry approving of the Plans for the Rebuilding of the Sorbonne*, a work which is to adorn the interior of that building. The likeness here of the Minister is admirable, both as to features and expression, and we at once appreciate how cleverly the painter has re-constructed some of the heads, since the portraits of MM. Henri Roujon, Gréard, Nénot and others were necessarily to some extent retrospective and rejuvenated. The scene is well lighted, and the whole result will be one of the good memorial

M<sup>lle</sup> G. LEESE.  
*Coming Home from the Fields.*

SALON OF 1903.







P. VAYSON.

*A Shepherd Monk. — Abbey of Senanques. Vaucluse*

SALON OF 1903









pictures in the Sorbonne, which is already filled with works of the most various merit.

When we come to historical paintings in the strict sense of the word, M. Tattegrain is, as usual, conspicuous, with *The Ford at Etaples, September 16, 1544*, and no less learned and well-informed than skilled in telling his story with natural ease. This is the subject of his composition: "Two days after the taking of their town, the men of Boulogne who remained faithful to France made their way towards Picardy. And there were so many folks harassed and driven by the English, compelled to cross by the ford of the harbor of Etaples, that many were left there drowned..... And never did it cease raining as it did at the time of the Deluge." The whole stir of this lugubrious episode is strongly realized. M. Tattegrain has introduced a multiplicity of dramatic details, and very successfully represented the effect of this wholesale drowning and the cruel deluge drenching body and spirit. The only thing that could be wished for as an improvement would be more refinement of color, but in spite of this defect the work is highly meritorious.

M. Bergès has also selected a dramatic episode in his *Spain (1809)*, the year when the French took Saragosa, but he has succeeded in producing only a scene of gloom and confusion, in which nothing stands out distinctly, nothing captures our attention, and in which, besides all this, some drawing of limbs is more than doubtful, for instance the leg of a woman in the lower right hand corner of the picture. The attempt is a great one, it is a pity that the result should be negative. MM. Adrien Moreau, Maurice Orange and L. Sergent are less ambitious in scale, and they have painted historical episodes in a sufficiently pleasing manner. The first shows us *Napoleon going to meet Marie-Louise*; the second, *The Hermitage (1790)*, and *Conscripts starting (1815)*; while M. Sergent paints *The Savants attached to the Expedition to Egypt (1798)*. M. Boutigny, in the same class of work, and with the predilection for the time of

the First Empire which he shares with many painters of historical genre, gives us two pictures to choose from : a large one representing some ladies on their travels stopped by Fra Diavolo, and apparently not particularly ill-pleased by this dramatic incident; and a small one of the Princess of Hatzfeld presenting a petition to Napoleon. Both are very carefully painted, but the smaller is the one I prefer, simply because the larger is so much too large.

In Biblical subjects we have a gloomy triptych by M. de Laparra of the *Trials of Job*; in prehistoric scenes M. Jamin's *Decorative Painter in the Stone Age*, in Revolutionary episodes *Charlotte Corday on her way to the Scaffold*, by M. Pujol; in romantic subjects a triptych painted by Balestrieri, representing the *Life of Chopin*—and all these pictures give evidence of painstaking and research. One picture indeed stands apart from the rest by a certain retrospective suggestion, not merely in the choice of subject, but in manner of execution. This is M. Victor Verhaert's painting of *The Magistrates of Antwerp congratulating the Captains of the Ships arriving with sugar from the Canary Islands (1508)*. This picture, executed in the manner of the Flemish painters of the fifteenth century, and with a care for detail and character equal to that which captivated our attention in that by M. Nico Jungmann, is extremely interesting, whether we regard it as a work of art or simply as a very serious piece of archæological study. M. Lybaërt, again, is one of the moderns working on primitive lines who have preserved all the traditions of the earlier painters, or have re-discovered them. He exhibits a figure of a man, executed with all the care and elaborate precision of a Dürer or an Amberger.

To conclude this review of historical painting I may mention Mr. Mac-Cameron's *The Health of the Bride; Roman Diversions* by M. Du Mond; the military pictures by MM. Rouffet and Arus; *Blessing the Swords*, by M. G. Clairin; M. Dawant's picture called *Misery*, an episode of the war in Vendée; a *Holy Family* on a large scale by M. Grosso; M. Fouqueray's annual contribution of

A.-P. DAWANT

*Misery*

SALON OF 1903.









G. FERRIER  
*Sorrow*

SALON OF 1903









J. LEFEBVRE  
*The Sorrow of Mary Magdalen*

SALON OF 1863







*Boarding a Ship, and The Council room of a General under the First Republic*, by M. Delahaye.

As a branch of historical painting, religious painting seems every year to form a gradually diminishing sub-division. This year it is limited to fifteen works, even including in the number the second-rate and the really bad. This is very little out of a total of nearly eighteen hundred pictures. But there are at least two or three which show power and refinement.

That which is especially distinguished by the latter quality is M. Luc-Olivier Merson's *Annunciation*. Is it, however, really the Annunciation that is here presented to us? It is rather a prelude to the mystery, and the idea is all the more charming and new. M. Luc-Olivier Merson is indeed a most ingenious artist; whatever he may lack in power and vigor he makes up for in freshness and sweetness. The Virgin is sitting pensive, in her little house all blooming with lilies within and without. The Angel comes up the steps and is about to knock at the door. The Virgin has not yet heard him, and does not stir from her window. This little picture is pure whiteness, and sweetness itself. The artist who imagined it has really clothed in modern guise the pretty innocent fancies of a pre-raphaelite.

M. Gabriel Ferrier has no such ingenuousness of spirit. He has toiled greatly to produce a powerful *Pietà*, a very laudable effort on his part to rise to a more serious type of art than he has accustomed us to of late years. He must of course first pass through Purgatory; that is to say, represent some conventional emotions before he can feel a genuine one. The execution, at any rate, is close, firm and learned, and shows a good deal of academic vigor. But it would be difficult to be more literal, nay, to speak frankly, more vulgar than in this head of Christ open-mouthed, and in those gaping wounds. How far is this from the grim but poetical realism of a Grünewaldt! Still, take it as it is, and the work will be accounted to M. Ferrier for righteousness in the Paradise of Painters.



M. Jules Lefebvre, under the title of *The sorrow of Mary Magdalen*, has represented the repentant sinner in a black gown with a lilac sash which had already done good service in one or two pictures, not of demi-monde heroines, but of ladies of the most elegant world. The Magdalen kneels at the foot of the Cross; very literally at the foot, for the feet are all we see of the Saviour, and the picture looks as if it had been cut straight across the middle. In spite of its coldness the painting is the perfection of care and correct handling.

M. Bouguereau, painting with no less care and correctness, exhibits a *Holy Family* in his special and personal manner, in the form of a *tondo*, and M. Joseph Aubert one of the compositions with which we are familiar. M. de Richemont may be classed as a religious painter with his picture called *Incense*, in which the vapor rising from a censer before the altar in a chapel, assumes the form of an angel. M. Moreau-Néret has painted an *Annunciation* which is not remarkable for originality. M. Thirion has a *Virgin* painted with a good deal of grace; and M. Pierre a *Crucifixion* pitched in the key of Gustave Moreau and his school. Mr. Bridgman shows us *Mary Magdalen* in tender conversation with the Saviour; M. Amédée Buffet *Tobit's Return*, while M. Jacquier has painted the *Flight into Egypt*.

MM. Jean Brunet and Blatter are two artists who—next to M. L.-O. Merson, of course—have displayed most invention this year in the presentment of well-worn religious subjects. Both have painted Calvary. M. Blatter, indeed, gives us little else than a landscape; but Golgotha, seen in the distance standing out strongly against a lurid sky, with a vast solitude in the foreground, is emphatically startling. M. Jean Brunet, on the other hand, has imagined a by no means ill-conceived drama showing us the bodies of the two thieves dragged away by ropes to some charnel ground, while in the distance we see a pious and weeping procession carrying the Body of Christ, surrounded by a glory, to the sepulchre in the

A. BROUILLET.  
*Portrait of the Queen of Greece*

SALON OF 1903.







F. HUMBERT.

*Portrait of Madame B. and her Children.*

SALON OF 1903.









M. BASCHET  
*Portrait*

SALON DE 1902









garden. And this is all we have in religious historical painting.

I might go on to discuss some large canvasses, which combine decorative painting with historical subjects, and of which the ultimate purpose is predetermined. But I prefer to turn to the display of portraits.

Let me say at once that the *Portrait of General André* is certainly one of the great successes of the year, and that, without any qualifying reserve, it does M. Gabriel Ferrier the greatest credit. In general arrangement, in accuracy of drawing and in presentment of character, and especially in sober richness of color, this is perhaps the best piece of work we have ever had from M. Ferrier.

Not less noteworthy are the portraits of *Madame Hartog* and of *President Roosevelt* by M. Chartran. The first, a harmony in white, is more attractive than the second, though this too is very carefully painted. But that is just the questionable point. Is not Mr. Roosevelt, as we are told, a typically energetic and determined man, while what we see here is a correct and agreeable gentleman, whom we are startled to behold under such an aspect?

Madame Juana Romani has made steady progress. We do not remember having seen anything by her more entirely successful, both as to drawing and color, than this portrait of the *Duchesse de Palmella*, and another, with its red draperies, of the quite charming *Mademoiselle Emmanuela de Luynes*. M. Roybet exhibits a *Portrait of a Lady*, besides one of *Comte Potocki*, so sober, restrained, and severe in style that we look twice before we can feel quite sure that we have rightly read the painter's name.

Among the really important attempts at great work I must mention the two very large canvases by M. Laszlo : *Portraits of members of the Family of the Duc de Grammont*. The Hungarian painter's aim and effort are certainly considerable, and technically I see no fault to be found with these two vast paintings. But in the whole effect I feel chilled by a certain coldness and want of fire, the result of a desire to do the work too well. It seems to

me that M. Laszlo's art as a rule is much more full of life and spirit. In one of these groups there is a red dress which is far from elegant as a patch of color in itself. In short, the chief fault of these two highly creditable and important works is that they are neither quite Hungarian nor yet quite French.

What particularly fascinates us, on the contrary, in M. Lorimer's portraits, especially in one of an old lady with her black dress, her little cap, her apron and characteristic silver ornaments, is their frank stamp of the race and of a certain social position. This portrait is painted with much finish, but without over-elaboration. The handling, rather smooth, rather in the manner of Ingres, may not at first be attractive, but its interest increases by attentive study.

The portrait by M. Bonnat of *M. Eugène Guillaume* is at the same time a record of the present day and one of the firmest pieces of work in the Salon. It has the wonderful solidity of all Bonnat's work, a firmness which he sometimes exaggerates to hardness, as in the *Portrait of Mademoiselle Lucienne Bréval*, but it is also full of character. The portrait of the eminent Head of the School of Art in Rome, which figures in the Salon on the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of that institution, is striking as a likeness both of feature and of expression. Something in the execution is not quite satisfactory; the head is too much in relief as compared with the body which is somewhat flat.

If you would see some more very lifelike portraits, satisfying from the point of view of the curious, and at the same time well painted, here is one of *Mademoiselle Cécile Sorel*, by M. François Flameng; one of *Madame Loubet*, the President's mother, by M. Layraud; of *M. Émile Combes*, by M. Lenoir; of *Madame Charlotte Wyns*, herself a charming artist, by M. Charles Sauvage; of *President Kruger*, by Mademoiselle Thérèse Schwartz; *Willy and Colette*, by M. Pascau; *M. Michel Provins*, by M. Gaillac; *M. Redelsperger*, by M. Laisement; *M. Dumény*, by M. Richomme; *M. Doumer*, by M. Surand; *Her Majesty the Queen of Greece*, by



G. ROCHEGROSSE.

*Portrait of Madame G. Rochegrosse.*

SALON OF 1903.











É. BISSON.  
*Portrait of Madame de R.*

SALON OF 1903.







A.-J.-M. LEROUX.

*Portrait of Mademoiselle Mitzy-Dalti, of the Odéon.*

SALON OF 1903.









M. André Brouillet; *M. Maurou*, by M. Patricot; *General Balaman*, by M. Zwiller; *General Donop*, by M. Fougerat.

It need not be said that, as usual, the two pictures exhibited by M. Hébert, the perennially youthful veteran, are remarkable for harmony and dignity. Finally, in spite of his rather theatrical costume, the *Yeoman of the Guard*, by M. Garrat, is a portrait and a carefully studied one. But now, though it would give us the greatest pleasure to descant at greater length on some of these works, we are compelled among this legion of likenesses—for portraits are perhaps the most numerous class here, not even excepting landscapes—to make the briefest mention of those by MM. Devillario, Baligant, F. Humbert, A. Midy, Remsen, Brugnot, Angerville, Harrington, Marec, Baschet, Th. Duchâteau, Julius Feld, Suau, Maxime Faivre, G. Geofroy, Déchenaud, Bordes, Duffaud, G. Guay, Gouveloos, Hornecker, Darrieux, Diranian, Fuchs, Désiré, Franzini d'Issoncourt, Giacommetti, G. Jacquet, M. Jacquet, Etcheverry, Lavergne, Domergue, Fraillon, Demizel, Dobat, Dufner, du Gardier, Favier, Dvorak, G.-H. Stevens, H. Jacquet, Laurent-Desrousseaux, Max Kahn, Hudson, Hecht, Arpad de Migl, Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, Launay, Laparra, Richard Hall, Lauth, P. Leroy, Lavalley, Leftwich-Dodge, Richard Miller, Moreau-Néret, E. Laurent, A. Mercié, A. Muraton, Muller, R. Machard, Tardieu, Rochegrosse, Palmer, Lucien Madrassy, H. Royer, J. Sonrel, L. Berthault, P. Sinibaldi, Quinsac, Saintpierre, Mengin, Pellicer, Boiley, Ruffe, Seymour Thomas, Cesbron, Schmalz, Tony Tollet, P. Tavernier, U. Bourgeois, Trouessart, P. Steck, E. Bisson, W. Thor, Wattelet, Aviat, Charavel, Vergeot, Troncet, Willems, Commerre, Cayron, P. Chabas, Sedillot, Barrias, Crès, Cazaban, Axilette, Checa, Zigliara, Bertram, Bartholot, Cabanes, Pascal Blanchard and Styka. The list is rather a long one, but not too long since it includes none but works of real merit. And even so it is not complete, for we must add to these portraits those, by no means less meritorious, painted by female artists. These are by Mesdames Frédérique Vallet-Bisson, Marie Constantin, Flore

Lion (a very singular portrait of *Lady Galway*), de Wentworth, Terouanne, Philppar-Quinet, Charlotte Chauchet, Boyer-Breton, Madeleine Carpentier, Élisabeth Tongue, Baury-Saurel, Madeleine Smith, Mahudez, Lucas-Robiquet, Lavrut, Laura Le Roux, Camille Logerot, Marguerite Jamin, Marguerite Godin, Consuelo Fould, Jenny Fontaine, Delacroix-Garnier, Deurbergue, Bourillon-Tournay, Jeanne Boucher, Foucher-Baillon and Muraton.

We may now return to our inspection of the large decorative or historical works from which contemporary history has diverted us. They are after all but few. That which will, no doubt, attract most attention is M. Henri Martin's series representing field labor and briefly described, in the catalogue as *Decorative panels; part of a scheme of decoration for the Capitol*.

We should be surprised if this did not mean the Capitol at Toulouse. Is there indeed another Capitol in the wide world? These paintings are powerful in color, the most vigorous in that respect that M. Henri Martin has hitherto set before us. Nor can it be denied that they are fine as a presentment of rural life, and not merely do not suffer from M. Henri Martin's peculiar method of hatched lines, but actually derive from it a quite remarkably vibrant atmospheric quality. The landscape would seem to be continuous across all three pictures, but it is well to know that the three parts are separated by large windows. This will give greater variety to the composition, of which the division into three parts is not otherwise wholly accounted for, or indeed justified. The center panels represents haymakers, the episode to the left is a peasant idyl, of which, very properly, the scene is placed in the most spring-like and flowery part of the landscape; and to the right, in a sterner setting, we see an old woman with a goat and a dog. What give this vast painting its peculiar charm is, I must repeat, its color, and a true sense of rustic poetry. This simplicity is better than many allegories, not excepting those which M. Henri Martin himself has painted ere now.



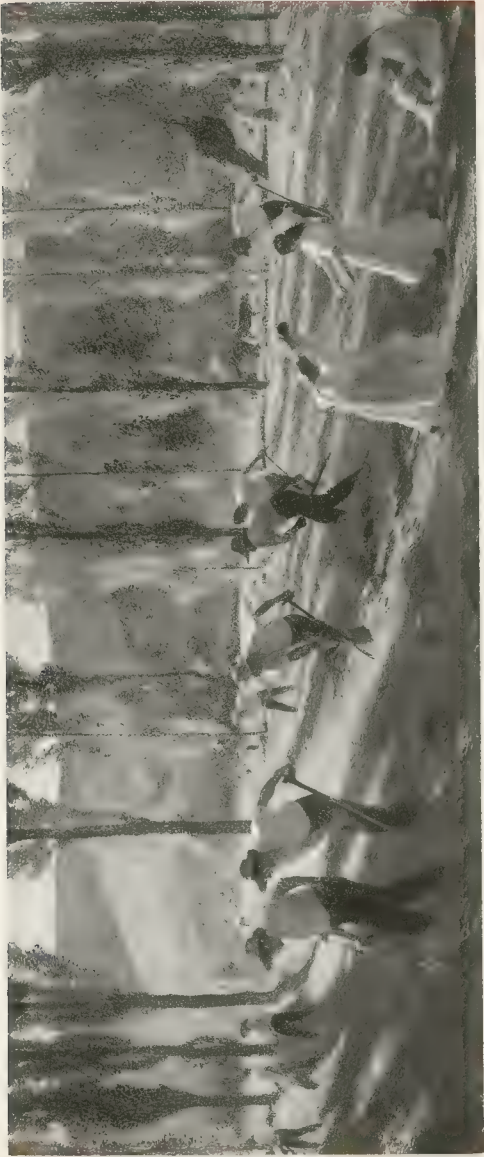
H.-J.-G. MARTIN.

*A decorative panel: one of a series for the Capitol.*

SALON OF 1903.









J.-P. LAURENS.

*Joan of Arc; mounting the scaffold; part of a triptych.*

SALON OF 1903.









I. GEOFFROY

*L'Œuvre de la Goutte de lait : sa dispensary for infants at Belleville ; -- triptych*

SALON OF 1903







Worthy again of special mention are the large compositions by M. Jean Paul Laurens, of the history of *Joan of Arc*, painted for the Town Hall at Tours : her Reception by Charles VII.; the Scaffold and Stake, and after the Execution. Though the two first bear the stamp of M. Laurens' learning and imagination, the third, soberly dramatic, will certainly be considered the most remarkable; the executioner is the only lugubriously moving figure, as he slowly comes down the steps, lost in thought.

The triptych by M. Jean Geoffroy—*The Infants' Dispensary*, a charitable institution at Belleville known as "La Goutte de Lait,"—is perhaps intended to decorate some given space. We cannot but suppose so, for no artist would undertake, without some such end in view, to paint a work of such dimensions, and of that particular shape. We find here all M. Geoffroy's familiar merits and defects, that is to say a rather obtrusive conscientiousness, too much roundness in the drawing, and monotony in the character of the heads, but a seriousness of effort which cannot be too highly praised. And, of course, there is all the careful study of gesture which characterizes this painter, who has long made this class of subject his own.

After these three important decorative pieces I find—besides those by M. Béroud and M. Lalyre, which are not important—no large paintings of marked talent excepting those by MM. Schommer, Courselles-Dumont, Albert Thomas, Marieton and Achille Cesbron. Are very large canvases going out of fashion? This would indeed be the beginning of wisdom.

As a corollary to decorative and historical painting we must now devote a few words to the study of the nude, a class of work which this year seems more restricted than usual. There is no really masterly painting of the nude excepting *The Sleeping Nymph*, by M. Henner, and the two figures by M. Raphael Collin, which are exquisitely delicate. Other pictures of one or two nude figures which are deserving of mention, are those by MM. Bouguereau, Tony Robert-Fleury, Sabatté (*Eve*), A. Boyé, Maurice Chabas,



Faugeron, Flesch-Brunningen (*A young witch anointing herself*), R. M. Guillaume, Gorguet, Gourdault, Anglade, Joannon, Maurice Lard, Rochegrosse, Bastet, Lavalley, Oswald Birley, Schwarzenwald, Saintpierre, Penot, Edgar Muller, Henri Amédée, and Madame Oppenheim.

We must either devote many pages to landscape painting or give a mere list of artists. This is in fact what we must do, for the mention of a great number of country views, towns and villages, would be uninteresting and monotonous.

A cry of protest went up some time ago in many studios against a speech attributed rightly or wrongly to the late M. Cabanel. This painter, it was stated, had one day said that, "as for landscape, no such thing exists." The statement in this rather despotic form may certainly be regarded as a little too sweeping. At that time Corot was to the fore, with Daubigny, Rousseau, and other admirable artists who had endured the rigors of the hanging committee and the indifference of the public. But these artists were a great fact all the same, and the fate of their works has proved it. The impressionist painters again "existed" even less; but their "existence" is no longer denied. It must, however, be confessed that these pioneers opened a gap through which an extraordinary mob of landscape painters forced their way; and perhaps at the very time when landscape painters most abound, landscape itself "exists" least.

For an art or a form of art to have a real existence it must be the outcome of choice and of necessity. Of choice on the part of the artist; of necessity both for him and for the public; that is to say that the more indiscriminately the artist seizes on whatever comes before him as matter to be painted, without selection, the more he sinks to the level of the mere picture-maker. The character of necessity connotes the kind of compulsion which guides the artist and makes him feel obliged to express himself, and say something deserving the attention of the public. A real work of art can never be suppressed without loss to all the world.


J. KAY.  
*A River in a Northern Country.*

SALON OF 1903.









F-B-A GUILLEME,  
*View of Moret*

SALON OF 1905









Now a great many of the landscapes here, not to say most of them, have been produced without any evident reason why the artist painted this or that subject rather than another. Hence their characteristic stamp of inutility. We wonder what they were painted for. The greater number, painted solely to bid for a medal, are much too large too find a place in any private house, and this does not contribute to diminish our sense of their being quite superfluous.

I may briefly mention then, in the first place, before naming our cleverest landscape painters, the subjects of four or five of the more "necessary" landscapes here. The most vigorous and simplest of all perhaps is *The Valley, Alsace*, by M. Zuber. In power of execution and force of coloring this is the most successful work I remember by this capital artist. There is always much stern beauty and lofty austerity in M. Pointelin's work; he sends this year a picture of *Moonrise*, which, with all its apparent simplicity, is extremely complex and very impressive. *The remote Village*, by M. Gagliardini, again is a successful effort in his usual manner. Of M. Boggio's two landscapes, one, *Dull weather*, is full of originality in color and invention. Mr. James Kay, whose name was to me hitherto unknown, shows us, in his *Northern River*, a scene superbly true and amazingly cold and cruel; we shudder as we look at it. On the other hand we are delighted by the cool verdure of those by M. Quost. Having said so much I will apologize to all lovers of landscape, and to the painters themselves, for merely setting down for the benefit of the first the names of those artists who this year have recorded for us the most genuine and agreeable impressions of nature. These are MM. Guillemet, whose pictures of Moret are most pleasing; H. Stanton, Debon, Grimelund, A. Girard, R. Juste, Cazotte, Tenré, Buffet-Chaillé, Bellanger-Adhémar, P. Bertrand, E. Carpentier, Dameron, Deshayes, Bouchor, Cachoud, Chigot, G. Dufour, Hill, Furt, Décanis, Hidalgo, Dambéza, Diéterle, Demont, Downie, Carl-Rosa, Thiérot, Eaton, Gransire, Gagneau, Dabadie, Alfred East, Cabié, Dufner,

Guéry, Laurent-Desrousseaux, Gibon, Franc-Lami, Dupuy, Gruppe, Foreau, J. Didier, Flahaut, Debat-Ponsan, Garibaldi, P. Lecomte, Gross, Aston Knight, Harpignies, Hareux, Grosjean, Marché, Japy, O. Chéron, Isembart, Joubert, A. Lumière, Laronze, Le Sénéchal, Moisset, Luigi Loir, E. Michel, Morlot, Maillart, Montholon, Marché, Marais, Moteley, Petitjean, Massé, Bourdon, J. Desbrosses, Noiro, Maury, J. Simon, Nozal, Ravanne, P. Saïn, Rigolot, Aumonier, Allan, Bertram, Saint-Germier, Masure, Jean de Provisy, Marcel Berton-Chincholle, J. Rémond, Calvès, Sabatté, Vayron, Palézieux, Mostyn, Rotig, Balouzet, Wallet, A. Boulard, Bompard, G. Busson, Baillet, E. Busson, Boudot, Berthelon, Beauvais, E. Bourgeois, J. Breton, Bauverie, de Burggraff, A. Buffet, Szwieykowski, A. Bouché, P. Buffet, Allègre, José Weiss, and Boggs; and Mesdames Duran-Max, Valentine Pepe, Juliette Leluc, Nanny Adam, Gabrielle Morin and Diéterle. And these are all? I can but crave the forgiveness of those I may have overlooked. But, by way of oversight, Great Heavens! if I have not omitted all mention of some capital painters of flowers and still-life; and that would be a great pity in view of the *Apples* so firmly drawn and painted by Madame Valérie Havard, and the numerous pictures of things to smell or to eat, by MM. Chaplin, Grün, Kind, Rouby, E. Claude, Bergeret, Cauchois, and C. Rivière; and Mesdames Foyot d'Alvar, Jeanne Amen and Dury-Vasselon.

This is really all. I have only to conclude. But I will come to no conclusion. It is quite possible that next year I may, if necessary, benefit by the conclusions based on the pictures of this year.

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L.-A. CABIÉ.

*The Town of Lalinde (Dordogne : evening.*

SALON OF 1903.









E. DAMERON.

*The Italian Alps from Antibes; — Autumn evening.*

SALON OF 1903.







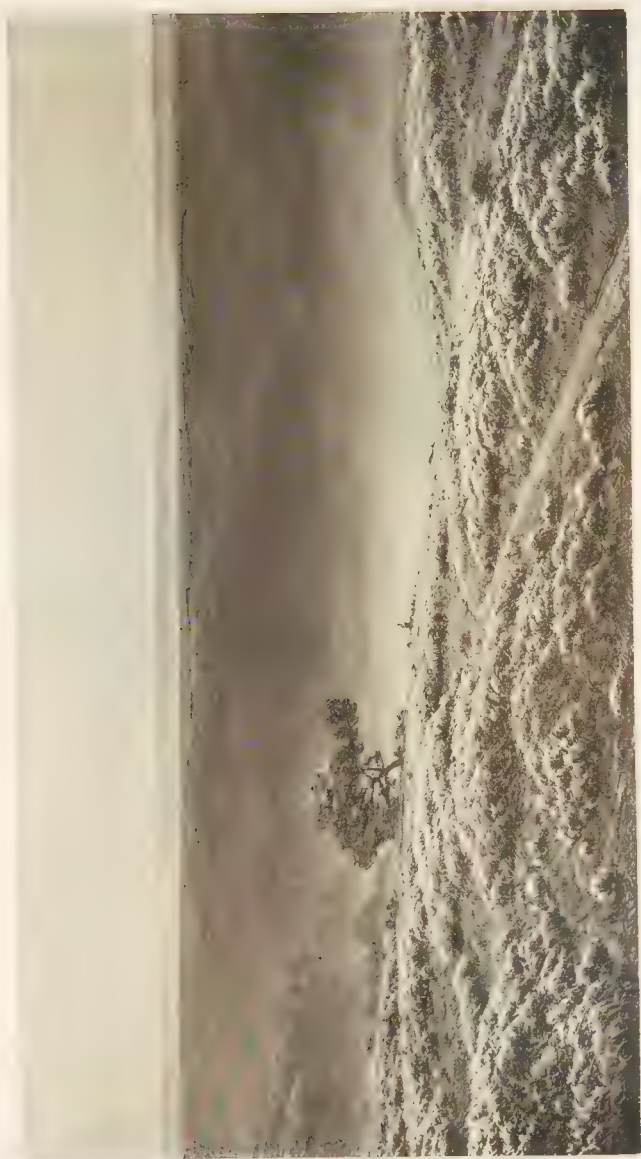




W. DIDIER-POUGET  
*Morning, the moorland of la Corrèze*

SCEN. 10. 11







## SCULPTURE.



As a promenade the arena reserved for sculpture at the Salon of 1903 seems in no way less pleasant than is its wont. We have seen just as many pretty dresses there, we have gone down there to smoke a cigarette with no less enjoyment, and statistics would, no doubt, show no diminution in the number of flirtations begun or brought to a conclusion among the *mêlée* of plaster spectators.

On the other hand, those who, by preference, by necessity, or in sheer heroism, compel themselves to study the sculpture piece by piece, have been far less delighted than the sightseers who were wise enough not to trouble themselves. I do not know whether I have made myself perfectly understood.

Of new talent revealed, I find none; of important works by recognized masters, hardly any; of compositions which captivate us by beauty of conception or simplicity of handling, not one. But why even talk of simplicity? It would seem to be an element which is disappearing more and more every day from our school of sculpture. Gesticulation is taking the place of strength, contortion that of dramatic expression, and as for beauty, in the strict sense of grace, it is languishing into the most insipid affectation. In fact French sculpture in the present day can hardly yield the palm in this particular even to that of modern Italy. We are fast coming to the lowest level of mere enlarged statuettes. This verdict may on the whole seem rather severe; but those who, like myself, have carefully studied the Salon of 1903, will, on the contrary, be more likely to think that my review of the more conspicuous works, errs on the side of indulgence and flattery.

For, as it happens, this year the most noticeable works are those which are furthest from the Academic standard of the function and style of sculpture. The mythological, allegorical, and more or less conventional groups are all inferior to those studies which are direct inspirations from real life. Inferior, I mean, as to the effect



produced, for in execution they are all of about equal technical merit. It is not well to conclude too hastily that a revival of sculpture in France can be based on the treatment of the blouse, the shooting jacket, or the tailor-made gown.

The most remarkable work here is the fine monument by M. Antonin Mercié to *Prince Henri d'Orléans*. The sculptor may be gratefully praised for having preserved a liking for simplicity and set so good an example. The Prince, in his dress as an explorer, is lying on the ground, half raised as he breathes his last, his clenched hand resting on a map where he had traced the road which had led him to a glorious death. In this work nothing is overdone or forced; it is perfectly reserved and dignified. The modern costume has not given the figure the trivial character which was a thing to be feared; the simple action, and no less simply treated figure, are full of true and communicative emotion.

M. Sicard too has distinguished himself no less by producing a work directly based on the life and character of the day. This artist was commissioned to execute a pediment for the façade of a College for Girls in Tours, the town of his birth. Dreading the possibility of having to produce the traditional medley of allegory and coats of arms, he accepted the task only on condition of being allowed to choose his own subject. This was agreed to by the authorities not indeed without some apprehensive hesitancy, still, they consented, for M. Sicard by right of talent is respected in his own country. The outcome is the delightful bas-relief called *Study*, in which we see the girl-students—girls of our own day with very characteristic heads—reading, walking or meditating in the shade of the recreation ground, wearing the loose school pinafore over their frocks and dresses.

While M. Sicard's composition is calm and happy, the fine group of *Weeping women*, in grey marble, by M. Théodore Rivière is no less grievous in its purport, and impressive in its line treatment. These two figures of women draped in long scarves, and supporting



F. SICARD.  
*A Study*. — *bas-relief, plaster*  
Academy of Fine Arts, Paris.

SALON OF 1905.







M<sup>me</sup> A. COLOMBIER

"Carmencita, — statue, marble

SALON OF 1902









each other in a common sense of sorrow, are fine in attitude, and as admirably executed as we expect from an artist at once so inventive and so learned. The absolute simplicity of the treatment and dignity of line, both equally free from elaboration, though very carefully thought out, save the group from all resemblance to Italian work.

M. Rivière has frequently invited our admiration for his small figures in rare materials, in which his ingenuity and dexterity have had free play. His excursion into the domain of serious sculpture is so successful that he may be encouraged to repeat the effort.

In the same category of "naturism," to use a fashionable barbarism, we may mention the *Timber raftsman of the Seine*, by M. Marcel Lambert, a robust figure, and the graceful *Muse of the people*, by M. Darbefeulle. Though there is much to praise in the execution of the first of these statues there is always something clumsily obtrusive, to say no worse, in these huge figures of laboring men, as large as life. We see a striking proof of this in the sculpture which is famous as decorating a public square in Brussels. Each of the figures of working-men which "adorn" this square is a statue of the highest quality and worthy of the very great artist who imagined and executed them. Still, the whole effect is painful; there is no real beauty in it; in fact, the really high aim he had in view is completely nullified. And yet, you may object, the image-makers of the middle ages represented their contemporaries in their habit as they lived. Well, at any rate the purpose of those statues was different; and, besides, there is a great deal to be said on the matter, so much indeed that I cannot even touch upon it in these pages. We must rest content for the moment with admitting the fact, without discussing the reasons. At the same time we may note that this *Raftsman's* contemporary, M. Darbefeulle's *Woman burnishing metal*, is less open to criticism, as is the *Harvester*, by M. Deschamps, a very successful female figure; but in this the open bodice and short skirt of the peasant woman are in fact but a thin disguise of the nude; also, I may

say, to excuse the apparent inconsistency, that woman has certain special immunities, and can scrape through every difficulty more easily than man, even those of her presentment in sculpture.

M. Ducuing, in his huge monumental statue of a *Woman of Toulouse*, intended to stand in an avenue at Toulouse, has endeavored to combine a realistic type and a classical attitude, with a quite novel decorative and architectural scheme and certain traditional accessories. This was a great deal all at once, and the attempt, which was a great one, has resulted in some little confusion. M. Ducuing brought infinite good will to the task, which shows him to possess great gifts worthy of our attention.

We shall nearly have come to an end of the more important examples of modern tendency, as it is called, when we have mentioned the curious and elegant *Dame aux Camélias*, by M. Syamour, undoubtedly genre, but brilliantly handled and clever in the treatment of the costume and type of a past day; *Carmencita*, by Mademoiselle Amélie Colombier, which again is but a large—a very large—statuette, but very clever; and two little girls laughing, by M. Récipon, busts grouped together which are the delight of all mammas who visit the Salon, and do not displease the critic, for this sculptor's spirit and charm have a captivating grace.

In the class of portrait busts, and statues of contemporary men may be noted: *Jules Simon* and *Père Didon*, by M. Puech; *M. Chauchard*, by M. Weigèle; *Willette*, by M. Derré; *M. de Lesseps*, by M. Frémiet, a colossal fragment; *President Kruger*, by M. Antonin Carlès, and *M. Detaille*, by M. Bernstamm. We must speak with some reserve of the *Père Didon*, by M. Puech. This statue, hardly half life-size, is evidently very well thought out, highly wrought and a characteristic likeness. But the coloring of the figure, literally true to nature, gives it too great a resemblance to certain productions of so-called religious art which are of a very inferior class. The tints should have been subdued, transparent, as M. Gérôme makes his in his polychrome statuettes, or else have

V-J-I-A SEGOFFIN  
*Man and Human Misery*

SALON OF 1903.









A. D'HOUDAIN.  
*The Lever*; — group, marble.

SALON OF 1903









been carried to the barbaric crudeness of the early image-makers. Though it is no doubt more like nature, the mean adopted by M. Puech is anything rather than happy.

We now come to the works which boldly stand free from every kind of modern dress or accessory, we are amid the crowd of the nude. "Everything has been said and done," a sculptor might exclaim; "We are too late in the day after the thousands of years, with our unclothed figures, and dancing too!" In point of fact these white shapes, all writhing in unnecessary contortions, produce an impression of a wild witches' round, of an endless whitewashed *cake-walk* if I may say so. How much nudity! and all for nothing! What exaggerated and theatrical attitudes! And yet, through it all, what monotony when all is done! To be sure, most of these figures and groups will go to people the Squares of Paris and of provincial towns, or will perhaps join the crowd of prisoners in retirement in our museums. Thus they will find their use; but all the uses in the world supply no reason for their existence.

Nothing but the highest quality of execution could give them that all-sufficient final cause which lies in beauty; but it must be said that in all the execution is very much on one level, and the stock of ideas extremely limited.

However, when we come upon a group such as those by M. Ségoffin, and M. d'Houdain, or that by Mademoiselle Camille Claudel, or such a composition of figures as M. Jean Hugues' *Fountain* we are only too glad to study them with more attention.

One of their merits, and not the least, is that they are not, in their outline, shadows to most other works. M. Ségoffin has symbolized two conceptions: *Man and Human Misery*. The idea is not one to handle fondly, but sculpture is not necessarily optimistic; perpetual smiles would prove as fatiguing as images of perennial despair. The idea of Misery has haunted more than one sculptor. Some have embodied it in realistic and depressing groups, which are more likely to rouse our wrath and aversion than our tender

pity. Desbois, some time since, carved a terrible image of Misery, in wood, akin to the most startling inventions of the middle ages. M. Ségoffin gives us a group of two figures, dramatic in feeling and vigorously executed. The defect, a small one, which may be noted, is that the composition might just as well represent Anxiety or Horror, or any other idea of that order, as the artist or the spectator might choose. This is the great difficulty in sculpture of selecting too abstract an idea.

Another work, by M. Chorel, is conspicuously less good; the sculptor intended, as the label tells us, to represent *Man shaking off the exactions of Woman*; otherwise we should have thought of nothing more abstruse than a rather lively drama of jealousy, and nothing more.

Mademoiselle Camille Claudel's group is not less philosophical in intention, but here we clearly see that the man is dragged away by an inexorable form, and followed by another who strives to detain him, and is being dragged on her knees. The composition is admirable in line and in the action of the figures; it needs no explanation, for the work is emotional and most successful. We see Man between two destinies, one which he knows to be cruel, and the other, tender and loving, which he has missed seeing, or any allegory of the same class of ideas. This work, by a really great artist, is deeply impressive, and that is enough. A little vagueness is not out of harmony with terror.

In M. d'Houdain's work we find nothing but a study of physical effort, but that is sufficient justification for a fine and learned piece of sculpture, very powerful, and one of the best, not only in the Salon, but of all very recent art.

M. Jean Hugues has also succeeded in composing a fine monumental mass in his fountain, the *Daughters of Danaus*. Certainly if any subject is appropriate to a fountain it is this. The figures are noble, and have a melancholy grace, worthy of the best French tradition. The lower portion with female heads decorating the edge of the basin, is a most original invention.

M<sup>me</sup> C. CLAUDEL.  
*Mature Age. — group, bronze.*

SALON OF 1903









I HUGUES  
*The Daughters of Danans — plaster*

SAIGON 1911







This completes the list of the best and most characteristic pieces. There are others, by no means devoid of merit. Nay, we may say they are full of merit, but the difficulty is to distinguish any one from the others by any really individual stamp. It might no doubt be possible, but at the cost of a great strain on the attention and memory, to define in precise terms wherein *The Ghoul*, by M. Guilloux, may be distinguished from *The Poet and the Syren*, by M. Hanaux. In point of merit the difference between these two very similar groups is that the second was awarded a Medal of Honor. Again, is *A Secret*, by M. Seysses, perceptibly inferior to that by M. Dercheu, or *vice-versa*? The *Christ* by M. Georges Achard, and that by M. Cordonnier are—well—two Christs, and *Eve finding the body of Abel*, by M. Guillaux, *The Jealousy of Cain*, by M. Theunissen, and *Paradise lost*, by M. Schuler, are three Biblical subjects of precisely equal quality. Whichever way we look we see a work strongly resembling some other which we have just been looking at with appreciation, if not with admiration. *Hero and Leander*, a group in undercut relief by M. Pierre Laurent, might just as well be signed by M. Peyre, to whom we owe a bas-relief which he calls *Harmonies*. Nor is it only in tamer works that such analogies may be traced; in more violent and extravagant compositions there is but little difference of conception and execution between *The Last of a Tribe*, by M. Louchet, *The Rape*, by M. Suchetet, and *The Death of the Chief*, by M. Greber, who must have been no less surprised than delighted when a First Class Medal was bestowed on him. What gives rise to this family likeness? Perhaps we ourselves are a little *blasés*, and rather tired of the constant repetition of works of the same type year after year. Who can tell whether the generations to come after us may not discover in these works, when they come upon them again, beauty which we cannot detect with the best will in the world?

Among the single figures which cannot be included in the sort of classification I have attempted, we must mention the girlish and



tender *Joan of Arc*, by M. Ch. Drouet; the *Oread*, by M. Mathet; the *Old Man at the Spring*, by M. Laethier; M. Moncel's very subtle *Enigma*; *Ivy*, by Madame Gabrielle Dumontet; *The Head of Saint Ferréol*, a powerful study in terra-cotta by M. Just Becquet; the little figure called *Adolescence*, by M. Albert-Lefevre; the well considered nude figure by M. Mengue, reclining however on a wooden couch of very doubtful taste; the large allegorical figure of *The City of Mont-de-Marsan*, by M. Soulès; and the groups of *Bacchantes fighting*, by M. Descomps; M. Levêque's bas-relief: *A Pagan Vision*; *Moral Education*, by M. Verdier; and *Motherhood*, by M. Szymanowski.

There is generally a great quantity of small work here very interesting to study with care, statuettes and little figures. This year there are not so many as usual. Besides M. Gérôme's 'curious and exquisite fantasy: *Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum*; *The Reliquary*, by M. Bottée; *The Chariot*, by M. Gardet (for the Lagrange prize); *M. Frémiet*, a portrait by M. Gréber, and M. Sicard's delightful work, I find nothing to point out but the little things by MM. Laporte-Blairsy, Cordonnier, Levasseur, Debie, Jacques Loysel, Valton and Pierre Moreau-Vauthier.

I have philosophized too freely in the course of our rounds to add any further reflections; they would but repeat the truths which it may be well to tell, but which certainly do not seem to have been much listened to since critics first began to reiterate them.

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE.

E. HANNAUX.

*The Poet and the Syren.* statue, marble

SAISON 00 1903







C. DROUET  
*Joan of Arc: — statue, marble*

SALON OF 1903









V. PIETÉ.

"Révo..." statue, marble.

SALON OF 1903.









## LIST OF AWARDS.

### PAINTING.

#### "Médaille d'Honneur."

M. GABRIEL FERRIER.

#### Second Medals.

MM. L. ROGER, J. M. AVY, W. LAPPARRA, A. C. L. LAVALLEY, A. MOREAUNÉRET, P. LEGRAND, G. GROSSO, G. A. GRAU, J. GRUN, A. V. THOMAS, A. P. GARRATT, H. BRÉMOND, C. FOUQUERAY.

#### Third Medals.

MM. P. GOURDAULT, J. OLSSON, J. RÉMOND, V. CAVALLERI, A. BERTRAM, J. P. ALIZARD, A. TRONCET, M<sup>me</sup> E. J. FAUX-FROIDURE, MM. G. J. J. LEFFEVRE, L. MEZQUITA, ED. CABANE, M<sup>lle</sup> H. DESPORTES, MM. C. SACCAGI, LIONEL WALDEN, H. F. BELLAN, JAMES KAY, P. W. GIBBS, BURDY, A. LEJEUNE, L. G. CALVÉS, P. BELLANGER-ADHÉMAR, E. E. FAUCONNIER, H. d'ESTIENNE, LIONELLO BALESTRIERI, C. RIVIÈRE,

M<sup>me</sup> M. LAFORGE, MM. G. SEIGNAC, L. A. LETOURNEAU, L. HORNECKER, R. G. HUTCHISON.

#### "Mentions Honorables."

M. J. DESPREZ-BOURDON, M<sup>lle</sup> B. M. DEMANCHE, M. G. ANGLADE, Miss J. LOVERING, MM. J. S. HILL, H. DÉZIRÉ, G. DILLY, P. GRÉGOIRE, A. KIND, C. SEILER, F. BRUNERY, M<sup>me</sup> L. GALLÉ-LEVADÉ, MM. A. F. PALMER, L. HUBER, M. L. SAUVAIGE, A. L. MOREAUX, Y. E. MULLER, J. THIRION, E. DESURMONT, H. C. WILLEMS, E. NOIR, A. CHAPLIN, LEROY, O. BIRLEY, A. SCHWARZSCHILD, P. PASCAL, A. FIAT, M<sup>lle</sup> B. ROULIER, MM. A. J. PENOT, C. L. A. WEISSER, M<sup>me</sup> E. GUILLAUMOT-ADAN, MM. A. PONSON, J. DA COSTA, L. E. A. BARRÉ, M<sup>me</sup> J. B. MAILLART, MM. T. TOLLET, H. KNOPF, E. MARZY, M<sup>lle</sup> J. LAUVERNAY, MM. O. DA MOLIN, L. L. GALAND.

### SCULPTURE.

#### "Médaille d'Honneur."

M. E. HANNAUX.

#### First Medals.

MM. J. PERRIN, A. d'HOUDAIN, P. LAURENT, H. CREBER.

#### Second Medals.

MM. A. G. GUILLOUX, V. J. J. A. SEGOFFIN, A. MARQUET, V. TOURNIER, R. C. PEYRE, A. BOURLANGE.

#### Third Medals.

MM. G. LAETHIER, H. L. BOUCHARD,

J. G. P. ACHARD, F. CHAILLOUX, L. SINAYEFF-BERNSTEIN, A. J. SALVIGNOL, J. DESCOMPS, L. RICÉ, A. CARAVANNIEZ, A. GUÉRIN.

#### "Mentions Honorables."

MM. L. C. E. ALLIOT, C. AYTON, A. BLANCONNIER, T. P. CAMEL, J. A. CARL, F. L. CHAUVET, J. CHOREL, J. CLARA, A. CULLET, H. EVRARD, J. B. MALACAN, A. PASCHE, E. PERRAULT, V. PIGNOL, E. PIRON, A. M. PÉCHE, E. O. ROSALES, M. J. SAIN, M<sup>lle</sup> A. TONNESEN, M. Q. DE TORRE Y BERASTEGUI.

## ARCHITECTURE.

## "Médaille d'Honneur."

M. R. CHAUSSEMICHE.

## First Medals.

MM. A. E. HENRI NODET, G. M. B. J. MUNIER.

## Second Medals.

MM. F. R. LAPEYRÈRE, L. FORTIER, F. L. ROUSTAN, E. M. HÉBRARD.

## Third Medals.

MM. J. G. RAPIN, R. E. DAVI, H. A. DE-

LAPORTE, P. P. CRET, P. J. V. BRUNEL and A. J. L. POTTIER, P. HERLOFSON.

## "Mentions honorables."

MM. J. E. ALLARD, L. A. BLANC, F. A. BOCAGE, R. A. BRASSART, L. CADDAU, L. V. CAPELLE, A. M. CASTEX, M. CHOLLET, G. M. CHRETIEN, A. P. DUBOS, C. FLAMANT, C. L. M. GRAS, F. L. J. B. GUILLEMANT, F. LUCAS, P. A. B. LAFON, L. A. LESAGE, C. J. M. MILTGEN, L. MINARD, L. J. G. MOHLER, F. C. MORICE, E. J. DE MONTARNAL, J. D. NAVARRE, P. NOEL, A. PERRETTI, E. A. A. PONCET, A. REY, H. TAUZIN, R. VILLEMINOT, P. L. A. VORIN.

## ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY.

## "Médaille d'Honneur."

M. L. A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

## First Medals.

MM. J. A. VYBOUD, E. M. CHIQUET.

## Second Medals.

M. C. B. DE BILLY, M<sup>me</sup> C. E. CHAUVEL, MM. A. GRAYIER, E. DÉTÉ, A. M. MARTIN.

## Third Medals.

M<sup>lle</sup> J. SEVRIN, MM. C. MARX, J. H. BOUILLARD, M<sup>lle</sup> L. DELBEUF, MM. M. L. H. NEUMONT, A. BRUMENT, M<sup>lle</sup> H. LECOQ, M. P. D. GUÉRELLE.

## "Mentions Honorables."

MM. G. A. BARLANGUE (*engraving*); F. PETITJEAN (*engraving*); H. MARCHAL (*engraving*); J. LIEURE (*engraving*); L. M. MERCADIER (*engraving*); M<sup>rs</sup>. G. R. JAMESON (*etching*); MM. M. LOUVEAU - ROUYEYRE (*etching*); P. BELLANGER-ADHÉMAR (*etching*); V. HUAULT-DUPUY (*etching*); G. C. AÏD (*etching*); P. DUREL (*wood*); P. E. VIBERT (*wood*); L. R. ROTH (*wood*); P. BAUDIER (*wood*); M<sup>lle</sup> RITA (*wood*); M. G. L. MASSOT (*lithography*); M<sup>lle</sup> S. TRINQUIER (*lithography*); MM. E. A. ROCHER (*lithography*); L. A. HELLER DE PARDIEU (*lithography*); F. CLAIRET (*lithography*).

## DECORATIVE ART.

## Second Medal.

M. L. GAILLARD.

## Third Medals.

MM. T. H. LAUMONNERIE, L. E. SIEYFERT, I. ROUCHOMOWSKI, J. HABERT-DYS, M<sup>me</sup> P. RIVIÈRE.

## "Mentions Honorables."

M<sup>lle</sup> J. BEAUDENEAU, MM. É. DUMAS, J. E. L. CRUVEILHER, L. A. TRÉZEL, C. BOIGNARD, E. H. DANTAN, M<sup>lle</sup> J. CHENNEVIÈRE, M. M. A. F. TESTARD, M<sup>lle</sup> A. L. JOUCLARD, MM. L. CAUVY, F. DECORCHEMONT, F. ROBIDA, E. ROBERT, H. DE WYROQUIER, A. HIOLLE.

## NATIONAL PRIZE OF THE SALON.

M. A. G. GUILLoux.

## MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF PRIZE.

M. H. d'ESTIENNE.

## DE RAIGECOURT-GOYON PRIZE.

M. J. C. PAPE.

## ROSA BONHEUR PRIZE.

M. H. Zo.

# LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE.

## PAINTING.

MM. ALIZARD . . . . .	<i>In Remembrance of the Absent One</i> (F. A.).
AMEN (Mme) . . . . .	<i>On the Terrace</i> (F. A.).
BASTET . . . . .	<i>"Pervenche"</i> (F. A.).
BELLEMONT . . . . .	<i>In the Land of Breton Fishermen</i> (F. A.).
BILL (Lina) . . . . .	<i>Morning;—Gruissan</i> (F. A.).
CABANES . . . . .	<i>The Prayer; Biskra</i> (F. A.).
CACHOUD . . . . .	<i>Returning from the Fields</i> (F. A.).
CAROLUS-DURAN . . . . .	<i>The Old Lithographer</i> (N. S.).
CARRIER-BELLEUSE (P.) . . . . .	<i>The Awakening</i> (N. S.).
COËYLAS . . . . .	<i>In the Museum;—the Taxidermist's Room</i> (F. A.).
DÉCHENAUD . . . . .	<i>Portrait of the Artist's Mother</i> (F. A.).
DUFAU (Mlle) . . . . .	<i>Playing "Pelota" in the Basque Country</i> (F. A.).
DURST . . . . .	<i>Autumn Snow</i> (N. S.).
FANTY-LESCURE . . . . .	<i>In Tregor;—the Image-maker</i> (F. A.).
FERRIER (Gabriel) . . . . .	<i>Sorrow</i> (F. A.).
FOUQUERAY . . . . .	<i>Boarding the Enemy's Ship</i> (F. A.).
FOURNIER (Louis-Edouard) . . . . .	<i>The Marauder</i> (F. A.).
FRAPPA (J.) . . . . .	<i>Phryne</i> (N. S.).
GAGLIARDINI . . . . .	<i>Summer on the Market Place</i> (F. A.).
GASPERI . . . . .	<i>Coming Night;—The Pond at Granges</i> (N. S.).
GENTY . . . . .	<i>Breakfast</i> (F. A.).
GIRARDET . . . . .	<i>On the Heights after the Storm</i> (N. S.).
GRAU . . . . .	<i>The Deule at Pont-à-Vendin</i> (F. A.).
GRUN (Jules) . . . . .	<i>The Antiquary</i> (F. A.).
GUILLEMET . . . . .	<i>View of Moret</i> (F. A.).
GUILLOU . . . . .	<i>"My Father's Fishing"</i> (F. A.).
GUYON (Mme) . . . . .	<i>Menders;—Brittany</i> (F. A.).
HAVET . . . . .	<i>Evening in the Valais</i> (N. S.).
HUOT (Mme) . . . . .	<i>The Fireside</i> (N. S.).
JOLYET . . . . .	<i>Indiscretion</i> (F. A.).
KAY (James) . . . . .	<i>A Northern River</i> (F. A.).
LANGRAND . . . . .	<i>Haystacks</i> (N. S.).
LAPARRA . . . . .	<i>Job (triptych)</i> (F. A.).
LARONZE . . . . .	<i>The Angelus</i> (F. A.).
LARRUE . . . . .	<i>The Industrious Schoolboy</i> (N. S.).
LAURENT (Henry) . . . . .	<i>The Mill at Chantemilan</i> (N. S.).
LAVALLEY . . . . .	<i>Cythera</i> (F. A.).
LEBASQUE . . . . .	<i>The Picnic</i> (N. S.).
LECOMTE (Victor) . . . . .	<i>After Dinner</i> (F. A.).
LUMIÈRE . . . . .	<i>Tintoretto's House at Venice</i> (F. A.).
MARIOTON . . . . .	<i>The Morning of Life</i> (F. A.).
MONDINEU . . . . .	<i>After Mass at Houilles</i> (F. A.).
MOREAUX (Arnold) . . . . .	<i>The Legend of St. Martin</i> (F. A.).
MOTELEY . . . . .	<i>The Legend of Clécy</i> (F. A.).
NOIROT . . . . .	<i>Snow at Clécy</i> (F. A.).
PELECIER . . . . .	<i>The Lake of Bourget</i> (F. A.).
PETITJEAN . . . . .	<i>Interior</i> (N. S.).
ROGER (Louis) . . . . .	<i>A Village of Lorraine</i> (F. A.).
ROUFFET . . . . .	<i>History</i> (F. A.).
TANZI . . . . .	<i>Worthy People</i> (F. A.).
TRONCY . . . . .	<i>Marseilles;—View from Frioul</i> (F. A.).
VILLEDIEU (Mlle) . . . . .	<i>Quiet</i> (F. A.).
VOLLON . . . . .	<i>In a Box;—Children at the Play</i> (N. S.).
	<i>The Sweet Hearth of Armor</i> (F. A.).

## SCULPTURE.

- MM. ALAPETITE . . . . . *Throwing the Net* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).  
 BIROT . . . . . *The Widow* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).  
 BOURDELLE . . . . . *Beethoven* (bronze) (N. S.).  
 BOURLANGE . . . . . *Shivering* (statue, stone) (F. A.).  
 BRETON . . . . . *Pearls* (group, plaster) (F. A.).  
 CANIEZ . . . . . *Resignation* (bust, bronze) (F. A.).  
 COUTHEILLAS . . . . . *A Woodman* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).  
 DIÉTERLE (M<sup>lle</sup>) . . . . . *Sleep* (statue, marble) (F. A.).  
 FIX-MASSEAU . . . . . *Two Sisters* (pink marble) (N. S.).  
 FROMENT-MEURICE . . . . . *Dragoon armed with a lance* (statuette in tinted plaster) (N. S.).  
 GAUDISSARD . . . . . *Kindness* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).  
 GRÉBER . . . . . *The Death of the Chief* (group, marble) (F. A.).  
 GUILLOUX . . . . . *Eve Finding the Body of Abel* (marble) (F. A.).  
 HANNAUX . . . . . *The Poet and the Syren* (marble) (F. A.).  
 HOUDAIN (d') . . . . . *The Lever* (marble) (F. A.).  
 INJALBERT . . . . . *A Bacchante* (marble) (N. S.).  
 LABATUT . . . . . *The Child-martyr* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).  
 LARROUX . . . . . *The Young Beggar* (bust, wood) (F. A.).  
 LAURENT (Pierre) . . . . . *Hero and Leander* (marble) (F. A.).  
 MARQUET . . . . . *Ending the Task* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).  
 MUSCAT . . . . . *Grandfather's Return* (group, stone) (F. A.).  
 PENDARIÈS . . . . . *The Consoling Muse* (group, plaster) (F. A.).  
 PERRON . . . . . *The Bather* (high relief, marble) (F. A.).  
 PEYRE . . . . . *Harmonies* (high relief, marble) (F. A.).  
 SCHNEGG . . . . . *Young Woman's Head* (marble) (N. S.).  
 SÉGOFFIN . . . . . *Man and Human Misery* (marble) (F. A.).  
 SICARD . . . . . *Œdipus and the Vanquished Sphinx* (bronze group) (F. A.).  
 THEUNISSEN . . . . . *The Jealousy of Cain* (high relief, marble) (F. A.).  
 THOMAS . . . . . *Youth* (bronze) (F. A.).  
 VALTON . . . . . *Lioness and Cubs* (group, plaster) (F. A.).

## ARCHITECTURE.

- MOISAND . . . . . *The Palatine Chapel ; — Palermo* (F. A.).  
 POLART . . . . . *Pavement in the Church of St. Giacomo, Bologna* (F. A.).

## WORKS OF ART.

- DOAT (Taxile) . . . . . *Ceres and Venus* (stoneware panels) (N. S.).

## WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE COUNCIL GENERAL OF THE SEINE.

## PAINTING.

- M<sup>me</sup> BOURILLON-TOURNAY . . . . . *Portrait* (F. A.).

## SCULPTURE.

- MM. BASTET . . . . . *Eve* (statue, marble) (F. A.).  
 CARAVANNIEZ . . . . . *Rural Pleasures* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).  
 CAUSSÉ . . . . . *The Spring* (statue, stone) (F. A.).  
 PINCHON (Emile) . . . . . *A Hunter* (plaster) (N. S.).  
 VASSELOT . . . . . *A Spring Breeze* (statuette, marble) (F. A.).  
 VITAL-CORNU . . . . . *Evening Pleasures* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).

## WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE CITY OF PARIS.

## PAINTING.

- MM. AVY. . . . . *A Girls' Ball* (F. A.).  
 BELLAN. . . . . *A Dutch Interior* (F. A.).  
 BUFFET. . . . . *The Pond* (F. A.).  
 CACHOUD. . . . . *Dusk* (F. A.).  
 CARL ROSA. . . . . *Landscape* (F. A.).  
 CARRIER-BELLEUSE. . . . . *On the Sandhills* (N. S.).  
 DEMOULIN. . . . . *The Spring* (N. S.).  
 GABRIEL. . . . . *Cliffs at Dieppe* (N. S.).  
 GEOFFROY. . . . . *The "Goutte de lait"* (F. A.).  
 GILBERT. . . . . *The Seller of Songs* (F. A.).  
 HAWKINS. . . . . *"My Employer"* (N. S.).  
 HOUBRON. . . . . *The "Carrefour Drouot"; — Paris* (N. S.).  
 —. . . . . *The Boulevard des Italiens; — Paris* (N. S.).  
 LE GOUT-GÉRARD. . . . . *The Knitter* (N. S.).  
 LEGRAND (PAUL). . . . . *Bathers* (F. A.).  
 RAVANNE. . . . . *Stranded Boats* (F. A.).

## SCULPTURE.

- MM. ALBERT-LEFEUVRE. . . . . *An Episode of the Siege of Paris by the Northmen  
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 BAFFIER. . . . . *Soup Tureen and Candelabrum* (N. S.).  
 COLLE. . . . . *Autumn Leaves* (marble) (F. A.).  
 PERRAULT. . . . . *A Dane* (statue, stone) (F. A.).  
 ROBERT-CHAMPIGNY. . . . . *The Child with a Mask* (model for a fountain, plaster)  
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 SUCHETET. . . . . *An Abduction* (group, plaster) (F. A.).

## ENGRAVING.

- MM. BUSIÈRE. . . . . *Rubens's Family*, after Rubens (engraving) (F. A.).  
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